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FERDINAND FRANCK;

AN

Auto-Biographical Sketch

OF THE

YOUTHFUL DAYS

OF

A MUSICAL STUDENT:

SECOND EDITION,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEO. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

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FRANCK, FERDINAND



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very favourable reception of these Memoirs has encouraged the Publisher to avail himself of the opportunity presented by a new edition, to secure the assistance of the humorous graphic talent of Mr. George Cruikshank for their illustration. He flatters himself that the prints from the designs of that unrivalled artist, which, for the first time, accompany this volume, will render the work still more acceptable to the Public, and be the means of extending to a much wider circle that gratification which it has afforded to all those by whom it has hitherto been perused.

Gen. res. Ray 7 Apr. 52 Baynton

FERDINAND FRANCK,

&c.

I.

THE AUTHOR PAYS HIS RESPECTS.

WHETHER the present auto-biographical Sketch had any claims to be put upon record, is a question which the reader will be better able to decide than I am. To me there appeared to be no doubt of the matter; and it was the fear only of the task being undertaken by others less capable than myself, that induced me to be my own biographer. Who, I ask, can be more competent to write his life than “the subject of these Memoirs?” Let every man tell his own story. He will tell it his own way, it is true; but if, as these pages will prove, he knows his own failings, his weak sides—nay, if it be part of his purpose that others should benefit by his errors—if the monument he erects to his own fame be not altogether of Car-

rara marble of milky whiteness, but a mosaic, intermingled with quartz and mica, and here and there even with little fragments of black basalt—truth, it is hoped, will not be the worse for the narrative.

Next to candour, brevity will be my aim : far from following the example of the veteran Goethe, whose great celebrity warrants him in thinking the most trifling occurrences in his long career of sufficient importance to posterity to occupy a place in the voluminous tomes of his auto-biography, I shall make a scrupulous selection from the Journal which I began on the day when the kindness of a more experienced friend performed, for the first time, a premature tonsorian operation upon the downy erstlings of puberty. I shall exhibit such incidents only, as appear to me to have influenced, in some degree, my future destiny ; but, while I shall be sparing in this selection of pictures from real life, those that may be deemed fit for exhibition will not be mere outlines, or dauby sketches of a few random strokes. I shall endeavour to make my drawing as correct and neat as I may be able, give it all the advantage of light and shade, and adopt such mode of colouring as may best suit the subject.

2.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

FAITHFUL to this pledge, I shall, at one leap, clear the first sixteen years of my existence, and at once introduce the reader to an honest couple, Mr. and Mrs. Franck, my uncle and aunt, who, after the death of my good parents, not only took the poor helpless orphan under their roof, but loved and cherished him as though he were their own child.

This act of charity was the more meritorious, as Mr. Franck's means were extremely slender. His annual salary, as schoolmaster in the little town of Feldberg, did not exceed the moderate sum of seventy rix-dollars; to which may be added a trifling pittance derived from the collection of a small duty on every head of cattle which entered the town, the exemption from house-rent afforded by the public school-house, and the use of a garden attached to it. The perquisites were trifling; now and then a fat goose, or a ham, from the parents of those boys whose aristocrat skins were more respected than the devoted sedimentals of plebeian urchins; and, at Christmas time, pork and sausages from every house in the village, except the Jews.

Originally destined to be my uncle's successor,

no pains were spared on his part to perfect the candidate in a calling to which he attached the highest possible merit and importance, and which, it must be owned, he filled with great credit to himself. The precise extent of his Latin knowledge I was then too young to estimate: but what he possessed of that commodity was by no means locked up in selfish silence; on the contrary, the most trivial occurrences received elucidation by abundance of proverbs and adages in prose and verse, so frequently applied, that many of these valuable sayings became, in sound at least, quite familiar to my aunt, who would often presume to finish the alien sentence, heedless of the inevitable comparison to a parrot or magpie, to which feathered linguists Mr. Franck was pleased, on such occasions, to liken her. The study of numerals being a favourite pursuit, carried on by way of relaxation even in hours of leisure, no wonder that in this branch he became the theme of conversation and an oracle of consultation to the whole district. In the solution of his problems he did not at all times take the shortest road towards mathematical truth; he was in love with figures, and so did not care how many sixes and sevens trickled from his busy quill: but the truth he would have, in his own way, to the last fragment of a fraction; nothing *præter propter*; he abhorred approximation.

Mr. Franck's study of his vernacular tongue,

the German, was carried to so high a degree of perfection, that he talked it differently from any other person whatsoever; and every such deviation he was able and prepared to support, by argument or analogy, against any opponent except my aunt, whom Nature, in her wisdom, had indemnified by the quantity, for what she lacked in respect of the quality and purity of her own tongue.

Among the functions connected with my uncle's situation of schoolmaster was also that of precentor, or leader of the vocal effusions of the congregation of Feldberg on Sundays; and in that capacity it formed part of his duty to instruct the boys in singing choral melodies.

Mr. Franck was likewise a great adept in the science of physiognomy. A small prize in the lottery had enabled him to purchase the work of Lavater, much against the inclination of Mrs. Franck; and none of the boys that entered his school were exempt from a severe physiognomical scrutiny according to the rules given by the great Swiss philosopher.

I think it necessary to be thus particular in the enumeration of my uncle's qualifications and occupations, because they more or less influenced my subsequent inclinations and destinies. It is in this view that I feel pride in paying a tribute to the strict integrity which pervaded every action of his life. To his moral precepts; and more so to

the force of his example, I owe, thank heaven, the cheering consciousness of unsullied honesty amidst the numerous aberrations of my youth as well as of a riper age.

In Mr. Franck's bills of extras furnished to his scholars, not only not a quill appeared that was not actually delivered, but every article was charged at the price he paid for it. I also well remember a serious difference between him and my aunt, occasioned by the drooping health of one of the pigs, which they were in the habit of keeping. On her proposing to sell the invalid before its condition became hopeless, he started with a look of dignified surprise from his elbow-chair, and in this perhaps solitary instance all the special pleadings and thrifty reasonings, which flowed from her valuable organ of speech, not as milk and honey, but rather like the pelting of a hailstorm, were words to the winds. Mrs. Franck was compelled to close the chromatic duet with the wonted *coda*: "You *are* poor, and *will be* poor all the days of your life."

It may be supposed, that my uncle's quarterly accounts of the receipts of the duty on every head of cattle that entered the gates of Feldberg were models of correctness. Indeed the rare method which his scrupulous honesty had suggested to him in managing this trust deserves to be handed down as an example worthy

of the imitation of all public accomptants. Let them observe the simple but efficient system of Mr. Franck, and the terms of "Deficiency in Balances," and "Public Defaulters," will vanish from the financial vocabulary of nations. Acting upon the broad and plain principle, that all the money he received was, not as to amount only, but identically such as it came to him, the property of his employers, the dues he collected passed through his hands no otherwise than by dropping them through a narrow aperture into a box of block-tin. As the padlock of this box was opened by him but once a quarter, in the presence of his superior, the contents of the box invariably corresponded with the accounts. In vain would neighbours request the occasional favour of small change for a gold piece, the tin box remained hermetically closed from quarter-day to quarter-day: in vain the superior's complaints of the tedious operation of counting coppers and small silver; "Such as I had it, such I yield it," was the invariable reply of my honest uncle.

Ye stewards, receivers, treasurers, paymasters, and commissaries! what think you of this talisman of honesty—the tin box of Mr. Nicholas Franck, schoolmaster, precentor, and collector of cattle-dues at Feldberg?

3.

LEARNING BY INOCULATION.

THE progress I made in scholastic studies enabled me at an early age to assist effectively in the arduous task of my uncle. I wrote a beautiful hand, and my predilection for the Latin rendered my proficiency in that language so striking, that, according to his own declaration, I nearly equalled his attainments in it. In short, I was a promising youth, with every reasonable prospect to do well in the world, if the world would do fairly by me. Nevertheless, my uncle occasionally let drop some hints indicative of his doubts as to my future prosperity in the career of tuition.—Poor man! his own example furnished an *argumentum ad hominem*. These doubts manifested themselves by degrees more explicitly.

I soon observed, that the secret and solemn discussions, which frequently took place between him and aunt after dinner, had nought but me for their object.

A newspaper from the capital brought these discussions to a sudden and decisive termination, for a time at least. It was stated, in a demi-official manner, “that his Highness the Grand-Duke, fully impressed with the beneficial effects which attended the new system of mutual instruc-

tion, upon the Lancasterian plan, graciously intended to select a few intelligent young men, to be sent to England with a view to study the system in all its details at the fountain-head, in order that on their return the same might be introduced in every part of the grand-ducal dominions."

The paper in question was brought to my uncle by his friend Mr. Knobelsheimer, the doctor of the town, who jocularly observed, that people were never too old to learn; that my uncle, together with every schoolmaster in the country, would have to journey to the capital, to go to school again for six months or so; and that perhaps in a year or two there would hardly be any occasion for schoolmasters at all.

This intelligence acted like a thunderbolt on the frame of Mr. Franck, who entertained the greatest veneration for the profession of which he was a worthy member. When he had somewhat recovered from the first effects of his alarm and indignation, he reproved the vivacious doctor for the levity with which he could treat a matter of such deep importance to the country at large. "May Heaven," he pathetically exclaimed, "guide the understanding of our gracious sovereign, and turn him from a purpose so pregnant with mischief and calamity to all his subjects! If Germans be doomed to copy other nations, why imitate their weaknesses instead of their excellences? Why not in-

troduce a constitution similar to the British, and a trial by jury; why not imitate England in her generous and benevolent institutions, in her public encouragement to merit of all kinds? Copy her in these and the like things, by all means; but leave her the mania for mechanisms, so destructive to the prosperity of the people at large. I tell you what, Mr. Knobelsheimer, the English, with their steam-engines, steam-boats, spinning-jennies, rail-ways, threshing-machines, and a thousand other knick-knacks of machinery for diminishing labour, have gradually succeeded in putting hundreds of thousands out of bread; while, on the other hand, vaccination has rapidly augmented the breadless population. For this impoverished excess the ordinary and rational means of instruction were deemed insufficient or too expensive, and so they must be taught by a mechanism of a living kind. For what else can it be called than mere mechanism, when boys teach boys, as I have seen a dozen head of cattle lick each other on our common?—But in our dear Germany, my good friend, things are not yet come to that pass; we are not so rich as the English, it is true, but we are less poor too: there are enough to teach, and not too many to be taught. Look at our boys in this place, doctor.....”

But I have pledged brevity to the reader, and this pledge must be violated were I to give but the

substance of the remainder of Mr. Franck's sentiments on this occasion. In truth, it would be out of my power so to do ; for after having held forth for an hour or so in our parlour, he waxed gradually hoarse from the exertion ; his organs of speech became parched, and to supply the requisite moisture, Mr. Knobelsheimer proposed to adjourn the debate until their arrival at the Three Crowns, where probably farther particulars of these sad tidings might be collected. So forth they sallied down the High-street, in such active discussion all the way, that, at every dozen steps, my uncle made a dead stand to face the doctor, and held him by a button to ensure the desired immobility.

4.

TWO STRINGS TO THE BOW.

As I had been accustomed to go early to bed, I saw nothing more of my uncle until next morning at breakfast, when he addressed me in nearly the following terms :

“ The sad intelligence, my dear Ferdinand, is but too true, and our profession, to which I am sure you would have done honour, has nothing but ruin in prospect. But the wise are not to be dismayed by misfortune—*impavidum ferient ruinæ*. As for myself, the few years I may have to live render the future of less consequence ; but it is

my duty to provide for you in the best manner my means, or rather my judgment, (for the means are limited indeed), may enable me to do. I do not wish you to forsake the scholastic line entirely : times may change, *tempora mutantur* ; and, as the poet says, *vosmet servate rebus secundis* : but I mean you to have two strings to your bow ; and thanks to the kindness of Dr. Knobelsheimer, and to Providence, who never sends what we mortals deem a misfortune without putting the remedy within our reach, the second string is found. The infirmities of the doctor render some of the laborious duties of his profession fatiguing to him : the boiling of decoctions and ointments affects his breath ; and he wields the pestle with difficulty. He has in the most friendly manner offered to instruct you in his art, gratuitously ; and, out of friendship to me, he will spare you at such times in the day as may be required for your assisting me as hitherto in the business of the school, and for your own improvement in the scholastic profession. In short, you will have to attend in his shop a few hours in the day, and for the rest live and stay with us as before."

The novelty of the thing, together with an insatiable thirst after knowledge of every kind, and a high degree of ambition which lurked in my whole being, rendered this proposal perfectly

welcome. My imagination already beheld the doctor's diploma, carriage and horses, in and out-door patients without number, consultations with the rest of the faculty, and splendid medical works, with the name of Ferdinand Franck, M.D. LL.D., &c.

The very next day I was seen in Dr. Knobelsheimer's laboratory, girded with a green tammy apron, cheerfully chopping liquorice and sarsaparilla for the purification of the juices of an elderly maiden lady. The town being rather healthy just at that time, I had abundant leisure to ransack the little library of my new principal, which by that means became divested of a thick stratum of dust, dead flies, and cobwebs, with which a quiescence of perhaps a quarter of a century had incrustated every tenant of the shelves. The books were old; and books, as I have since found, are like wine—not the worse for their age. The difference between old and new books, generally speaking, is, that the former were written in times when authors had more ideas than words; whereas, at the present day, the case is precisely the reverse. The improvements in literature and language have been so great, that now-a-days two or three ideas, and those perhaps borrowed, may be made to fill as many pages. The art consists partly in expressing the same thing over and over

again in a variety of elegant and rounded periods, and in not following the subject in a servile straight line, as Lapland mice are said to travel; but to digress a little to the left, and a little to the right, like a pert idle spaniel, sauntering through the populous Rue St. Honoré, looking in at every open shop-door, lapping at every puddle, sniffing at every corner-stone, and——

But to my old books of anatomy, surgery, pathology, botany, materia medica, &c., all which I devoured with the indiscriminating avidity of a youth whose ambition looked upon every folio and quarto as a step in the ladder towards fame and the doctor's degree. To these venerable tomes I owe a great part of the medical and other knowledge I ever acquired. The materials, it is true, were collected without system or judgment; but a riper age and understanding found them in store, and knew how to separate the ore from the dross, to arrange and order the chaos of crude elements, to supply deficiencies, and to extend the fabric upon a juvenile but solid foundation. It is a trite remark, but a true one, that we know nothing so well and so firmly as what we have learned while young.

As Mr. Knobelsheimer rather indulged than impeded these theoretical studies, the time passed agreeably enough between his shop and my uncle's

house for a considerable period. But since there is no perfect happiness in this sublunary world, various circumstances presented themselves from time to time, which acted as a drawback on the advantages of my situation.

5.

A MEDICAL LECTURE.

As there was no regular physician in Feldberg, we had but rarely to compound written prescriptions. When any were brought, they generally bore the signature of some celebrated man in the capital, and frequently directed out-of-the-way ingredients, which Mr. Knobelsheimer deemed unnecessary for the health of mankind, and therefore disdained to keep in his compendious store. In such cases I was told to substitute *quid pro quo*; and the remarks which my conscience urged me to make gave obvious offence to my principal. On other occasions, when casual applicants came for relief in his absence, I was rebuked by him for administering certain medicaments, although their successful and *speedy* effect pleaded for their propriety. This and other instances of his conduct remained inexplicable to me for some time.

One Sunday, however, Mr. Knobelsheimer asked me to partake of a goose, which my aunt had sent

him ; he was unusually kind, and not sparing in filling my glass with his best Hock. Towards the end of the repast, he addressed me nearly as follows :—

“ The attention, my dear Ferdinand, which you have paid to my instructions, and to the business in general, has been the theme of a conversation between your uncle and me in coming from church this morning. The good soul ! his face beamed with delight when I told him what I thought of you ; and I have given him a solemn pledge, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to lead you to fame and fortune. I am mistaken, Ferdinand, if, with your talents and industry, you do not one day, and ere long perhaps, make a figure in the profession. (*How I chuckled !*) But talents and industry, my boy, are not all that’s required to make one’s way through the world—especially in our calling. Every profession, my dear Ferdinand, has its peculiarities—mysteries I may say : and ours perhaps more than any other. It is now time that you should be initiated in these ; but, before I proceed, I must require your solemn word of honour, that what may now pass between us shall go no farther than these walls. (*I pledged unconditional secrecy.*)

“ Your own good sense must already have convinced you that, with the exception of a very few remedies of the most simple kind, the multifarious

drugs with which we dose our patients are either of no use to them, or downright pernicious. Our livelihood, like that of astrologers, depends chiefly upon their credulity and weakness. If they are cured or relieved, it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, not through our knowledge or medicaments. The self-restoring powers of Nature, time, and I may add, faith, generally do the business.— Faith does wonders. I have seen patients getting better from the moment they had merely consulted the doctor; or had my draughts in the house, although, from particular aversions, they had not been able to get one drop of them down their throats. What are we to collect from all this? What else, but that it behoves us to humour and foster the weaknesses upon which we exist, in all manner of ways? A great deal depends upon the first interview with the patient. Here a grave, thoughtful, sometimes mysterious countenance, tinged with a little assumed sympathy, is essentially requisite at all times; but whether to make light of the disorder, or, what is mostly preferable, to affect to consider it in a serious point of view, is a question of some nicety, depending upon a matured knowledge of mankind in general, and especially upon the particular disposition of the person we have to work upon.

“I have found it of infinite service to begin the course, in most cases, by strong cathartics, by

way of clearing the *primæ viæ*. They are sure to lower the subject a peg or two in body and spirits, and to prevent a too quick interposition of the restorative powers of Nature; besides that, such a method affords an opportunity of building up again, by another course of tonics, what the course of cathartics has helped to pull down. As a specific in the art of pulling down, and indeed in a variety of other cases, I recommend mercury to your especial favour. Whatever this divinity may have been with the ancients, who adored him as the god of thieves, to me he has proved the god of riches. You have already seen the liberal use I make of it; and few that have had a *quantum sufficit* of it from my store have long been out of my books. It is a powerful, precious medicine; it shakes the constitution to its very foundation, and when once well *amalgamated* with it, will keep possession of its station to the last breath, and every now and then proclaim its stay in a thousand different ways, all tending to the benefit of the profession.

“ So much for the beginning, my boy. As to the farther treatment, there is one thing I would particularly recommend: whatever medicines you think proper to send, let them be considerably *under the quantum* absolutely necessary. I do not mean by this, that you should stint your patient in the quantity of phials and powders, which his

purse and the distance may render it expedient to administer. It is the quality of the remedies which I more particularly allude to. Let them be as diluted with the pure element as possible. You will by so doing benefit your pocket and the patient too. The cure will be slower, but the more sure, because more scope is left to the operations of Nature.

“Nature, however, aided by a good constitution, although generally the doctor’s best friend, very often shows herself too officious in her services; in such cases it is our interest to damp the ardour of the frisky dame. To adduce an instance, I need only mention the case of Apfel, the wheelwright. When, in my absence, he came to you with the hurt in his ankle, you gave him two kreutzers’ worth of spermaceti ointment. On looking at his leg, I could not but marvel at the folly of such an application. I substituted immediately the *unguentum hydrargyri*, and experienced the best effects. The fellow has now a regular sore, which, with proper attention on my part, and the help of the *lapis infernalis*, may last him for three or four weeks to come.

“Another green trick of yours I heard of but the other day. Pray what did you prescribe to Mrs. Bartels, the sexton’s wife, when she came to consult you?”

“ I advised her to eat every morning, fasting, five or six figs.”

“ Figs indeed !—I would not give a fig for such a doctor : so you send your patients to the grocer, instead of relieving them yourself, do you ?—But I ask your pardon—my zeal for the profession is carrying me from my purpose. It is not my wish to find fault ; I wish to instruct, to guide you.—Here’s to your future success, and may you ere long eclipse the Big-wigs in the capital, as I eclipse them with my *vital pills* ! The envious fools procured a prohibition against my preparation, which has doubled their secret sale. We shall make a peck or two this week, and you will smile at the simplicity of their composition.”

6.

A COLONEL OF HUSSARS.

THE foregoing theoretical disquisition of Doctor Knobelsheimer’s was, fortunately for me, interrupted by a call for his practical skill. Baron Wolditz, a retired Colonel of Hussars, the greatest man in our little world, had suddenly been taken ill at his residence, two or three miles out of the town. The messenger, his groom, gave but an imperfect account of the symptoms ; but Dr. Knobelsheimer, although thus left uncertain

as to the nature of the disorder, nevertheless immediately knew the precise potion which it was proper for the Baron to take on this emergency, and I forthwith prepared it according to order. This was another rare talent in my principal. When the patient lived at a distance, the doctor's sagacity always anticipated the remedy; and, when in doubt, he provided two or three different recipes, all which he took with him ready prepared, and for all which he deemed it reasonable that the party affected should pay. This practice had the double advantage of saving me long journeys and procuring him long bills.

As the reader will hear more of this Baron, it may be methodical to add, that in the present instance he was saved by the skill of ——— his housekeeper, whose excellent liver-dumplings had caused the evil, and whose valuable preparation of wormwood-cordial had removed the most alarming symptoms before the arrival of the professional aid carefully stored in the saddlebags of my master.

His absence left me at leisure to meditate on the purport of his conversation, which had filled me with amazement and an utter contempt for the man, and left an indelible impression on my mind. From that moment I secretly gave up all thoughts of following the profession of my worthy

principal. The disgust I felt for him may probably have influenced my subsequent conduct, and rendered me less attentive. Acting now from compulsion rather than choice, the complaint that I had relaxed in the discharge of my services may have been well founded. My uncle, with his usual mildness, but not the less seriously, questioned me once or twice on the subject. This was the first time I had seen him dissatisfied with me, and the thought that I gave displeasure to the best of beings, to my benefactor, to a man whom I adored, harrowed my soul. What embittered my situation was, the pledge of secrecy which my master had exacted from me. Had I been at liberty to open my heart to my uncle, instead of reproving me he would have applauded my motives, and freed me at once from the state of misery in which my mind was plunged.

Even at this moment the remembrance of those distressing days remains in all its vigour, and I am sure my readers have a heart to feel for my situation. It was that of an innocent youth, unhappy for the first time; miserable from no fault of his own, but rather from a deep sense of right and wrong. Without some favourable change, a frame like mine would soon have sunk under this unmerited depression. My spirits flagged gradually; my appetite failed. It was in vain my

good aunt's ingenuity frequently prepared my most favourite dishes for dinner. I came dejected from my prison-house, and rose sad from table; I durst not speak my thoughts.

7.

TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

KNOW'ST thou, reader, the guardian angel that can pour balm into the wounded heart of man? Hast thou ever unbosomed thy soul to that guardian angel? unbosomed it in vain?

It was on a Whitsunday I had risen from dinner and seated myself under a favourite mulberry-tree in my uncle's garden, to muse on my forlorn condition, while he indulged in his usual afternoon's rest. Nature had begun to assume her festive attire; a mild vernal sun diffused invigorating warmth, and shed his cheering lustre around. All was still, and the repose of the day which the Christian devotes to the Almighty rendered this stillness more striking and more affecting. Nothing was to be heard but the wanton sonorous buzzing of insects resuscitated from their wintry torpor; the dallying quavers of surrounding bullfinches; the long and musical minims of a more distant blackbird; and the gentle rustling of the new-born foliage, moved, at starts, by the

transient gusts of the balmy breath of infant summer. Multitudes of bees hummed around the modest daisies; others quaffed deep the hidden sweet in the polyanthus and violet: even the beetles bustled with contentment over the new-raked mould of my uncle's tulip-beds. All around appeared joyous and happy; I alone felt forlorn, destitute, and friendless. This reverie was for a moment interrupted by the noise of Sultan's efforts to clamber over the garden-gate. He hastened joyfully to the mulberry-tree; the index of canine temper wagged to and fro in vain, I was not in a mood to return his civilities. The curly poodle, apparently sensible of the unmerited neglect, placed himself right before me, and staring me significantly in the face, began a bark of expostulation. He certainly meant to say, "What ails my kind master?" Fearful he might disturb my uncle, I paid him some little attention; but his barking brought Lisbeth, our maid, to the spot.

Between Lisbeth and me there existed a tacit compact of rustic but close attachment. I had found her at my uncle's seven years before, when the death of my parents had transferred me to his care. She then cherished the orphan-boy; her kindness ever since had been the same; under her fostering care I had grown from a little urchin to the verge of manhood: it was not above a twelve-month ago that, from a sense of decorum, she dis-

continued washing me in a tub on Saturday evenings. Considering the foible which afterwards discovered itself in my disposition, I wonder I never fell in love with her, for Lisbeth had fine eyes and pleasing features.

“Again alone, Master Ferdinand,” she exclaimed, seating herself on the bench by my side—“in low spirits again, as usual. Come, cheer up; young blood must not be downhearted. What is the matter, Ferdinand? What ails you?”

“Nothing—nothing at all, good Lisbeth. I am very well, as you see.”

“Very well indeed; and have left three parts of the sparagrass on your plate, which you never could get enough of. Much as I like it myself, I could not bring my heart to eat what you left; for I was sure your being unhappy made you leave it.”

“I had no great appetite to-day.”

“No great appetite to-day; no appetite yesterday; no appetite all the week. There is a something, I am sure; and your aunt, too, says you are not as you should be. She is now boiling some of her physic for you, which you are to take to-morrow morning, first thing.”

“I have physic enough at Dr. Knobelsheimer’s. I don’t want physic.”

“So I told her; ‘it an’t the stomach,’ says I to my mistress, ‘it be the heart, that’s out of order.’”

“The heart! Lisbeth. I hope the heart is sound.”

“Sound or not sound, Master Ferdinand, I tell you what—I say you are in love, and that ’s the long and the short of it. I knows what it is. I have been twice in love,—I may say three times ; and I never could relish a morsel all the while, nor sleep a wink but when I was dreaming. When that creature, Martens, the weaver——”

“I assure you, Lisbeth, you are quite mistaken ; I am not in love. To say the truth, I do not even know what it is to be in love.”

“There, now we have it, just because you do not know it, you *are* in love ; now it is quite certain ; and what ’s more, I know the girl. Didn’t you promise Mary Dickel, the blacksmith’s girl, the first handful of cherries that would be ripe in our garden ?”

“I did, because she is the best writer at uncle’s evening school, and does me the most credit. I never spoke two words with her, but what I may have said in school-time in the hearing of all the girls. I assure you, upon my word, it is not what you call love that affects my spirits.”

“I know you always speak true, therefore I believe you. (*After a solemn pause.*) Ferdinand, have you done any thing wrong? Tell it to your friend Lisbeth ; it can’t be so bad that there shouldn’t be

a help for it. Come, tell it all. There is perhaps a something on your conscience."

"My conscience is as clear as the pure sky over our heads."

"Dear, dear, what can it be? What *can* it be?—Now I have it; them musty books that he be reading all day long at the doctor's have turned the youth's brain. Ay, ay, books are sad things for young people. God forgive me! I wish all the books were burnt, but just the Bibles and Catechisms, and such like. There be no good coming from any on 'em. For one good thing in 'em, there be bushels of bad ones: and the Latin books, I am told, are the worst of all. I wish you had never been at that doctor's."

"You are right, Lisbeth; I too wish I had never seen him."

"And so says your aunt; and I can tell you there has been high words about it last night after you went to bed. He is a fine one, with a smooth face and a wicked heart; I am sure, (*sobbing*), but for him I should now be married to poor Bob, whom he killed by his drugs; and do you know, the wretch had the impudence to make up to me, not three weeks ago. What d'ye think he put in my hand? A six-batzner,* forsooth; but I flung the money in his nasty face. He was artful

* A German coin, worth about nine-pence.

enough to get me to promise not to tell ; but I told it all to your aunt after the quarrel last night, when she and I went to set the speckled hen ; and I told her, that I 'd rather leave the house than see you any longer with Dr. Knob. I am sure he treats you like a dog behind your uncle's face."

"I have no particular reason, dear Lisbeth, to complain of his treatment ; but his principles are not those which uncle taught me to regard. He is a man of bad character, in every respect. Thus much I am at liberty to say to you ; for I too have pledged my word to him about certain things, and I mean to keep it better than you did, Lisbeth. Even what *has* passed, you must promise not to let go farther, for my sake."

At these words the kind-hearted girl, with a tear in her eye, pressed my hand with fervent emotion, exclaiming, "For your sake, I will tell all the world that he wants to make as great a rogue of you as he is himself!"

It was with the utmost difficulty I obtained from this excellent creature the promise to observe, for a few days only, an absolute silence with regard to the conversation that had passed between us. As the time for afternoon-service was near, and her longer absence from the house might be noticed by my aunt, she left me with the most

affectionate exhortation to cheer up my spirits, as she was sure a favourable change could not be far distant.

8.

A CLEAR SKY.

ALTHOUGH the comparison between sorrows and a heavy burden is hackneyed, its practical use is often neglected. As the pressure of the latter is lightened when shared with others, so does grief lose its corroding poignancy, whenever we find, or rather choose to find, a sympathising heart to which to impart our sorrows. The act of communication alone operates beneficially; whereas grief, buried in the breast, like foul air locked up in a subterranean cavern, augments its deadly poison. Man is destined to be communicative: his sorrows are lightened, as his joys are enhanced, by communication. The selfish, the unfeeling part alone of our species keep both to themselves; and thus it is that their joys are barren, their sorrows most bitter.

After the interview with Lisbeth, every surrounding object, as if by magic, appeared in gayer colours; a cheering spark of hope reanimated my breast; it seemed as if the bonds between me and the rest of the human race were tied anew. Re-

freshed and light in heart, I re-entered the house, at the moment when my uncle was descending the staircase, wig in hand, to prepare for the afternoon service. Methought I saw him wipe a tear from his eye; but his countenance looked placid and benevolent. "Art ready, Peg?" said he, with his usual kindness; and in a few minutes he and aunt and I crossed the rural church-yard, where the rose-trees which I had planted on the grave of my parents were vigorously budding into leaf.

In spite of the best efforts I made to assist my uncle in the hymn, my intonation seemed unusually unequal and faulty; the youth's advancing maturity was in conflict between the waning female diapason and the approaching tenor scale of manhood. Our good parson's pulpit eloquence was generally of the homelier kind; nevertheless, his plain language and delivery made a forcible impression on my mind, for his text was—"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The instrument which is tuned in harmonics accordant with the tonic in which a performance takes place upon another, covibrates, by a process of mystic sympathy, in sweet concord. In the same manner did the simple but pure illustrations of this text vibrate to my very soul; they were

balm to my heart, and completed the process of mental reinvigoration which had so happily begun in my whole frame. Upon my uncle, too, the effects of our minister's sermon were forcibly obvious, prepared as he had been in my favour by the conversation which had passed between Lisbeth and me under the mulberry-tree ; and which, as I afterwards learned, he had overheard from his bed-room window.

9.

A CONJUGAL PROMENADE.

No sooner had we left church, than Mr. Franck proposed a walk to the country, observing that he wished to discuss some matters of importance on the way. My aunt had no objection to the walk, provided her spouse would not run before all the way ; but as for talking upon serious matters, she observed that home was the best place for such a purpose. In this proposal of my uncle's there might have been an innocent little stratagem. He foresaw objections to the arrangements he had in view, and he knew that the argumentative eloquence of his better half was irresistible when displayed in her own parlour, where the *vis motrix* could be exclusively concentrated in her tongue ; whereas, when this moving power was in part as-

signed to the legs, the volubility of the former, by a plain law of mechanics, must lose some of its force; the more so as my aunt frequently suffered from a shortness of breath.

The particulars of the peripatetic discussion which ensued I must omit for brevity's sake. Its topic, as may be supposed, was my stay at Dr. Knobelsheimer's. His doubtful character being now admitted *nem. con.*, my aunt insisted on my being instantly withdrawn from the instruction and society of a man, whose principles and example might contaminate my innocence. But uncle, at all times averse to rash steps, and desirous of saving appearances with the doctor, was of opinion, that the very cause of the present consultation afforded sufficient proof, if any were necessary, of principles so honourable and incorruptible on my part, that it would be perfectly idle to apprehend danger on that score, and that it was the essence of virtue to remain virtuous in situations of temptation and difficulty. He then observed, that, considering the great progress I had already made in medical studies, it would be a thousand pities to forsake them rashly, instead of increasing my stock of knowledge while an opportunity offered, and while there was no immediate prospect of applying my abilities to some other useful pursuit. His opinion therefore was, that for the moment I should continue to attend

at Dr. Knobelsheimer's as I had done before, and endeavour to improve myself in the profession to the best of my power, until something else might present itself, or until I found it impossible to go on without trenching upon those principles of uprightness which had more than ever endeared me to him on the present occasion. He added, that, with the understanding which now subsisted between us on this matter, and with the knowledge that my attendance at the doctor's was to be considered as merely temporary, he made no doubt I should see how much the case was now altered ; and that, under these circumstances, my stay with the doctor would not be attended with the difficulties and uncomfortable feelings which I had experienced before.

Not one of these plausible positions being conceded on the part of Mrs. Franck, the discussion by degrees grew animated, and soon changed into warm and vehement dispute. At first her rejoinders exhibited much oratorical regularity, and a suitable extent of close reasoning ; but in proportion as my uncle put his best foot foremost, and walked as fast as she talked, Mrs. Franck lost ground and breath, and her arguments became more laconic, although not less forcible. In this crisis, however, her good sense soon discovered the default caused in her organs of speech by the pedestrian exertion ; and, by a bold manœuvre,

she sat herself down on the bank by the road-side. In this position, with my uncle upon his legs, buttressed in the back upon his long walking-cane, right opposite to her, Mrs. Franck soon recovered her lost ground in the debate, and appeared a perfect Amazon in argument.

As it now appeared more than probable that this controversy would soon proceed to an unpleasant rupture, I interposed my mediation; when, to my utter surprise, peace was restored in a few minutes, and the two contending parties agreed, as the dispute had arisen on my account, that it should be amicably terminated by a casting vote on my part; that I should choose myself, whether I would go back to the doctor's, or leave him at once; each party pledging itself to rest quite satisfied with my resolution, whichever way it went. I pronounced for the temporary return to my *Æsculapian* studies; we walked home contentedly, and supped heartily; and on the following day I resumed my chemical functions, as if nothing had occurred, with a lightened heart and good spirits.

10.

THE QUEUE.

SOME time after this restoration of matters *in statum quo*, a circumstance occurred, which, al-

though trifling in itself, gave a decisive turn to my future destinies.

The reader has already been introduced to the acquaintance of Baron Wolditz, the retired Hussar colonel in our neighbourhood. His only son, a wicked dog of about twelve or thirteen, was one of the few Latin pupils my uncle's school could boast of, previously to his removal to the College in the capital. His Latin, it is true, like all his other literary accomplishments, (except reading, and writing a hieroglyphic sort of penmanship,) was absolutely nominal; but as the father, although priding himself upon being able to read *Cornelius Nepos*, conceived literary attainments to be but secondary considerations in the education of a young Baron destined to be a cornet of Hussars, young Wolditz was pretty much left to his own inclination in regard to serious studies. One thing only gave the father real cause for regret. Baron Fritz had no ear for music, except that of drums and fifes; while the father had been one of the greatest amateurs in his regiment, played the flute very respectably, and sang opera-airs with an expression and grace peculiar to the tottering tremor of a weather-beaten colonel of sixty. Baron Fritz received lessons from my uncle on the piano-forte, whenever the former could be found at the appointed hour of tuition, or the condition of the

instrument admitted of any instruction at all: for he would often hide himself in the hay-loft to escape the hour of musical drill; and, like Orpheus, whose lyre subdued ferocious animals, Baron Fritz would sometimes employ the thicker wires of the piano to make neat little chains to confine owls and sparrow-hawks.

I had at times been permitted to accompany my uncle in these his professional walks to the Baron's, whose hospitable treats in Hock and cinnamon-cakes I still remember as the nectar and ambrosia of my youthful palate.—They do not make these cakes near so good at the present day.—On the above occasions, when, after a fruitless search and lusty call after Fritz, a writ of “*non est inventus*” was returned by the sheepish groom, who well knew where his favourite might have been found, the Baron, after uttering various tremendous cavalry-oaths, and swearing by all that is sacred to put the deserter twenty-four hours into the stocks, generally proposed to fill up the time by a little music of his own. He then sang an air or two of Hasse or Jomelli, and I was sometimes allowed to join in a duet. The Baron always praised both my voice, as one of the finest sopranos, and my natural talent for music; and he often tried to persuade my uncle to bring me up to the art, offering to contribute fifty rix-dollars per annum towards my musical education

in the capital. But Mr. Franck's views in regard to my future destinies, if at all settled, were directed another way. He observed, not without some truth, that out of one hundred bred to the profession, scarcely one possessed sufficient genius to arrive at real eminence; and the remaining ninety-nine were doomed to linger in obscurity, and drag on a laborious and precarious existence—mere mechanics of wires and catgut.

One day, however, Baron Fritz, to our great surprise, was at his post; and, to my uncle's astonishment and his father's rapturous delight, went through the manual exercise of crotchets and quavers with much apparent perseverance. This act of resignation was rewarded not only with abundance of parental kisses, but with a bran-new six-batzen coin, by way of farther encouragement. After the lesson, Fritz, in great confidence, solved the mystery of his seeming reformation: his father's birthday was to be next week, on which occasion a little previous accommodation would not fail to procure him a handsome donation; and to make sure of an abundant harvest, as his father was very fond of Latin, he requested I would frame a Latin speech of congratulation, which, provided it were very short, he would learn by heart against next Wednesday. I was expressly charged to allude to the sire's military valour and

achievements, and particularly to the battle of Rosbach, in which the old Baron had a horse shot under him, and was saved from decapitation by the miraculous intervention of his notable German hair queue, which one out of three French dragoons cut clean in twain, leaving a dreadful and everlasting gash on the *os humeri*; so that from that day the man of war never held up his head, but, like the Macedonian hero, and the great Frederic himself, under whose banners Herr von Wolditz then and there so bravely did fight, was forced to incline it forward to the left.

The aforesaid fierce encounter hung, fairly depicted, framed and glazed, in the Baron's saloon, in which, on every anniversary of the battle of Rosbach, a sumptuous entertainment was given to the neighbouring gentry, including some old comrades in arms from the capital. At half-past three, the time of the above catastrophe, as nearly as could be guessed, the Baron, with a solemn step, advanced towards the picture, and touched a secret spring in the frame; when, lo! part of the dark foreground, consisting of cannon dismounted, powder-waggons, dead and wounded, &c. would, as if by magic, detach itself from the upper part, sink into the deep frame, and exhibit to the assembly of heroes the identical queue, the sacred relic of Wolditzian prowess. At that moment the company would rise on their legs, and the Baron, in an audi-

voice, exclaim, "*Es lebe der Zopf!*" (The queue for ever!) and drink a bumper of old Hock.

But to return to the birthday address demanded by Baron Fritz. Flattered vanity prompted me to accept a task from which a common degree of modesty ought to have made me shrink. It was my first literary essay, and moreover was to be in Latin! a language in which, whatever my uncle might think, I had made but moderate progress, and in which the Colonel was reputed to be so great a proficient, that any fault of mine would not escape his classic ken, and at once lower me in his estimation. But, like thousands I have since met with, what I wanted in knowledge was compensated by unblushing assurance. In short, that evening I penned the oration in German, and before breakfast the next day it was translated into a very homely sort of Latin, beginning with

"Carissime pater, patriæ ornamentum, inimicorumque terror!"

(*Cetera desunt.*)

Baron Fritz, as if he had been a publisher, declaring the composition to be much too long, a painful curtailment was necessary to adapt it to his slender powers of memorizing. Several rehearsals took place, the last of which, on the eve of the important day, gave fair promise.

11.

A GAP.

THERE are moments in life, the most minute circumstances of which will never be effaced from our recollection. I was papering pill-boxes in Mr. Knobelsheimer's shop the next morning, when Jacob, the Baron's groom, entered, and in a solemn official tone delivered to me an invitation to dine with his master and the Baron Fritz. The sudden communication of the delightful message almost overpowered my spirits. This unexpected distinction, the almost certain inference of the successful result of my literary labour, quite set me beside myself. With my principal's consent I forthwith left the pill-boxes in their crude chip, and hastened home to make the suitable preparations of dress ; for the Baron, as has already been mentioned, invariably had great company on his natal day.

Aunt was in ecstasy ; and uncle, instantly called from school, now for the first time heard, with inward delight and surprise, the cause to which I was indebted for the approaching honour. He desired forthwith to see the specimen of my Latin oratory ; but Mrs. Franck prudently interposed a word of infinite force and import in female rhetoric—
“ *Nonsense*, my dear, there 's no time now for reading Latin speeches ; let him be dressed first.

Dressed, ay ! what 's the lad to put on, for God's sake ?"—

The latter sentence, like a blight over vernal blossoms, in an instant blasted the buoyancy of my joy. I had never given it a thought that my wardrobe was miserably imperfect, owing partly to the slender means of the family, and to the rapid growth of my age. My best coat had become fashionably short behind, but the cuffs had unfortunately made vast strides in their advances towards the elbows ; the breeches might perhaps, by merciless bracing, have been brought into some approximation with their upper neighbour, if that had been of reasonable length ; but the scarlet waistcoat, in which I had been confirmed, had, months ago, shown a reluctance of amicable contact.

My uncle readily and generously offered the loan of his own black satin ; but on trial it was found to be in the other extreme, the protecting powers of its two pocket-flaps extending to but a short distance from the knees. Under all circumstances, therefore, the scarlet was deemed preferable to the black satin ; and this settled, my uncle returned to his scholastic duties, after divers instructions as to conduct among my betters ; instructions which dated from the *bon genre* of half a century ago, and were remarkable for the honeyed politeness and unbounded submissiveness which they inculcated.

Hair-powder being deemed indispensable on so exalted an occasion, aunt exerted a degree of plastic powers on my pericranial environs, which, in the metamorphose they effected, truly surprised and delighted me. In order to create a brace of side-buckles, resembling in length and shape a Brunswick *cervelat*, she imitated those skilful financiers who borrow of their own—a proceeding which at all events is no robbery. My usual queue being of goodly thickness, she contrived to borrow part of its contents ; which being, by means of a diagonal advance, brought from the rear to both flanks, admitted, by the help of powder and stiff pomatum, to be comfortably rolled up with the shorter hair encircling my ears, and fixed by three hair-pins of black japan. Thus far, I was a very Adonis in the looking-glass.

But the scarlet, on actual trial, gave alarming uneasiness. All the powers of mechanism inherent in straps were incapable of effecting the wished-for union with its lower neighbour; an *hiatus valde deflendus*, resembling one of the lunulæ of Hypocrites, and not unlike the space between the ecliptic and the equator, presented itself at the slightest upright motion ; and the evil was aggravated by the coarseness of the shirt, made of home-spun and home-bleached hemp. Here again female dexterity devised an ingenious remedy. The lawn

handkerchief with which aunt hid her virgin blushes at the altar, the only one she possessed, (the others being all blue and red striped,) this nuptial relic was neatly stitched to my shirt about the hypochondriac region, and tucked into the ecliptic zone below ; thus affording the consolation, that on the eventual, and probably unavoidable, exposure of the *hiatus*, the ecliptic space would exhibit a goodly sight of the purest white, a very *via lactea*.

12.

AMELIA.

THUS arrayed, thus comforted, I proceeded with placid self-content to the Baron's, and was met in the hall by Baron Fritz, eager to introduce me to the company. He would scarcely leave me time to ask the particulars of the success of the Latin oration, but held up a new double louis-d'or, the reward which his exertions had earned him, and handed to me a sealed note from his father. Before I had time to open it, I heard the old Baron's voice exclaiming, "Walk up, Mr. Ferdinand ! walk up !"

While we were ascending the ancient oak staircase, Baron Fritz kept tittering and chuckling in a strange manner, and from his puffed cheeks

burst those sonorous blasts, the tell-tale relics of a repressed horse-laugh.—Naturally imagining these unseemly sounds to be caused by the state of my costume, I lost much of the consequential self-possession I had conjured up while walking alone from the village of Feldberg; and with awkward bows, and deep blushes, presented my rural individuality before the Colonel and a company of ten or twelve guests of both sexes. Before I had time to survey the convivialists, the Baron took me by the hand, and with blunt affability introduced me to his guests as the friend of Baron Fritz, an accomplished scholar, a musical genius—in short, a prodigy of youthful perfection. “By G——, gentlemen,” he exclaimed, “Mr. Ferdinand is the pride of our district; I’ll match him against any youth in the capital; and if his uncle will let me have my wish, he shall not rot among the cabbages and bean-stalks of Feldberg.”

Gross as this flattery was, it gave me a great opinion of my importance, and helped to restore my lost countenance. Recovering my powers of observation, I noticed, amidst two or three couple of an advanced age, two young sparks, whose fashionable appearance sadly contrasted with my rustic costume, and three young ladies, nymphs in the most graceful attire. My eyes, when they durst look up, were rivetted on the charms of one of these, Miss Amelia Waldheim, a goddess, as I

thought, in human form ; Hebe personified. Methought I was in a new world ; all seemed magic to me. A look from Miss Waldheim at once raised to an immeasurable height the standard of female beauty which the rustic charms of Mary Dickel, the blacksmith's daughter, had hitherto fixed in my imagination. This look, like the Promethean torch, kindled for the first time the latent fire of a sensation I had never experienced before : if it did not engender love, it certainly quickened the embryo of the passion.

In these contemplations of the beautiful I was often interrupted and sorely annoyed by one of the dandies of the capital, who, deeming my exterior fair game for the display of his wit, more than once succeeded in exposing me to the ridicule of his companions. At first I patiently bore the brunt of his jokes ; but when my forbearance augmented his impudence, and Miss Waldheim's remarks in my behalf gave me some assurance, I determined, if possible, to pay the essenced Cornet in his own coin. Among other questions, I still remember his asking me, what was the greatest number of turnips I had ever pulled in one day?—to which I replied, “ twice as many as *he* probably could count.” Although my answer raised a laugh against the man of colours, he prudently joined in it, and exclaimed, with feigned satisfaction, “ Come, that's not amiss—smart, excessively

smart." Soon after, he paid me some ironical compliments on my scholarship, and asked whether I did not intend to publish something soon; in which case he would feel proud to become a subscriber. My answer was, "that I might probably be induced to write something on impudence, which, with his permission, I would dedicate to him." — "Bravo!" exclaimed Baron Wolditz; "bravo, Mr. Ferdinand! I told you what sort of metal he was made of. You had better sound a retreat, Cornet; or else you will find you have the wrong pig by the ear."

The entrance of a servant, with the information that dinner was on the table, put an end to this skirmish of rustic wit with the man of colours, who for the rest of the day conducted himself towards me with respectful discretion. Mindful of the wise instructions of uncle, in matters strange to my experience always to wait and see what others might do, I stood demurely behind the door, eyeing at a distance certain cards placed upon each napkin, from which I concluded that some social game was to precede the play of knives and forks. This erroneous induction, however, was dissipated by a summons from Miss Waldheim to seat myself at her left, conformably to the directions of the cards. The Baron soon discovered that Fritz, in a frolic, had entirely changed

the preconcerted order of sitting. Matters were re-organised, but Miss Waldheim insisted upon retaining the neighbours whom chance or Fritz's whim had assigned her. To this excellent creature I became indebted for many valuable hints touching the *bon genre*. Thus, when I sat at arm's-length from the table, spooning the craw-fish soup slowly and cautiously towards its distant destination, she kindly whispered, "Come close, Mr. Ferdinand; do in all things as I do."—"Then," I rejoined, "I shall do well indeed; but I fear it will be Vulcan imitating the graceful movements of the Queen of Love."

The man of colours, opposite, observing the sudden blush on Amelia's cheeks, swore that Mr. Ferdinand must have said a good thing, which the company had a right to hear. "Not near so good, Sir," she replied, "as what he told you before dinner."

Under the guidance of my lovely Mentor, all went well during the repast; I made rapid studies in the science of *bon ton*, which, to my astonishment, instead of coinciding with the maxims of restraint and humility inculcated by my uncle, appeared to consist simply in unaffected ease and affability.

13.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

AFTER the coffee and a turn in the garden, music was proposed. Amelia sent for a parcel from the landau which had brought her uncle and her from the capital, and at the request of the Baron selected a sonata. If I recollect right, it was one of Haydn's.—Here, too, my musical taste experienced a total revolution. The most modern pieces in my uncle's repertory were six "suites" of Christian Bach, which hitherto I had deemed the *non plus ultra* of the beautiful in instrumentals, and which I had been taught by uncle to perform in a hard homely style, slow, with a precision of time equal to clock-work, and with innumerable embellishments of turns, tremolos, and shakes of all lengths.

When Amelia began to prelude, it seemed as if her soul had transfused itself into her fingers; every passage had a meaning, and spoke to the heart: but when she came to the adagio, I was plunged into a trance of raptures. The most powerful, the sweetest emotions, alternately seized my frame; and as I turned the leaf, an involuntary tear dropped on the keyboard. She observed the tribute which her sensibility had exacted; and never shall I forget the transient glance of ineffable sweetness with which she looked up to me.

When the sonata was over, the Baron desired I would join in a vocal duet with Miss Waldheim. A book of an Italian opera was produced, in which, from my ignorance of the language, I begged to be excused from taking a part. The Cornet, with a sneer, observed, that Mr. Ferdinand perhaps could favour the company with a Latin song.—“And so he shall!” exclaimed Miss Waldheim. I have a beautiful duet from a Mass of Haydn’s, if Mr. Franck will be kind enough to join me.”

“Ay,” said the Baron, “he’ll sing that equal to Cicero himself.”

I had to begin : and, in spite of my best efforts, I became conscious of the hardness and dryness of my performance ; when Amelia, with a feeling and expression to which I had hitherto been an utter stranger, repeated the same strain. But matters mended rapidly as we proceeded. Like the nightingale which, in soft responses, imitates the sweet and lengthened notes of her neighbouring mate, I caught every expression, every feeling of my lovely model : our hearts seemed to melt into each other, our souls swam upon our mutual sounds ; two beings seemed united in one.

“Bravo !” exclaimed the Baron—“Bravo !” resounded from the whole of the audience, the man of colours not excepted. The Baron protested, with an oath, that Cornelius Nepos could not have given more expression to the Latin words ; and

that, next to the birthday speech of Baron Fritz, no Latin composition had so much affected him as this duet. He himself now favoured the company with a sample of his vocal powers. Here the guests displayed the full force of the friendship and devotion they bore to their kind host; for, although the Cornet, full of his antics behind, inflated the left cheek by the fulcrum of his tongue, and tried by divers wry faces to put the audience out of countenance, the utmost silence reigned until the conclusion of the Aria, when all simultaneously joined in a roar of applause, and a clapping of hands, so tremendous, that the dogs in the yard felt called upon to contribute their mite in praise of their master, by a woeful barking and howling; to which the poultry, and especially the geese, forthwith added a further *tutti* of harmonious accents of approbation.

“Your very dogs, Baron, are musical!” exclaimed the Cornet. “But pray, Baron, how do you contrive to give all this energy of expression, and again this melting softness, to your intonation?”

“It is more a gift of nature, my dear Cornet, than any thing else: the flute, to be sure, affords some advantages. But all this is nothing to what I used to do before I lost my two front teeth. (*Farther canine intonations below.*) — I’ll have every one of these rascals shot.”

14.

A CRASH.

THE *concerto grosso* in the yard, although gradually growing fainter, like the roar of cannon and small arms at the close of a battle, lasted long enough to put an end to the vocal concert : a dance was proposed, the Baron brought his flute, and one of the senior gentlemen took the piano-forte. As I was the best dancer in Feldberg, my waltzing, bating perhaps a little of rustic coarseness, afforded no cause for harsh criticism. Unfortunately Miss Waldheim was already engaged with a partner when I bent my steps towards her ; but I received her promise for the next dance. In the hands of another, whom I was already presumptuous enough to consider as my rival, her graceful movements failed to make great impression on me ; I felt even piqued to see her dance so well as she did.

As ill luck would have it, the next dance was to be a cotillon, a dance which I knew not even by name : a country-dance I might probably have ventured, having seen it danced once or twice before. Here again, however, Amelia's instructions, and the anxious sagacity of the pupil, enabled me to achieve wonders in my eyes ; the figures I executed with geometrical precision, and

mindful of her former charge, "to do in all things as she did," my steps visibly gained grace and lightness: but to my sorrow I observed that, with every increased exertion, the *hiatus valde deflendus*, the *via lactea* to the south of my scarlet, gained ground imperceptibly; an unsightliness which I determined to remedy by a little stooping. But with the angelic form before me, an antelope in graceful swiftness, this prudent resolution, to my cost, was soon forgotten.

My male companions, as if, in their wickedness perhaps, to excite me to more strenuous exertions, leaped up and down, and sideways and forwards, with surprising spring and agility. In trying to do as well as they, unmindful of the frailty of my attire, one calamitous effort burst the braces with a tremendous crash; up flew the scarlet waistcoat, down flew its southern neighbour, and out flew the nuptial relic of my good aunt, the lawn handkerchief, a floating banner of shame and confusion. Figure to thy imagination, gentle reader, the woe-ful plight, the anguish of disconsolate Ferdinand Franck, exposed with his baker's apron to the sneers of the Cornet, and the titterings of the whole company. The ladies, including Miss Waldheim, ran out of the room; the Cornet, the villain! with hypocritical sympathy, offered his assistance in stopping the breach.

This was more than my humbled vanity and my sensitive nerves could bear. With the rapidity of lightning I made my exit, leaped down the stairs, crossed the yard—Fritz calling, and all the dogs barking after me. Like a pursued criminal I ran homewards through the long chestnut avenue, until my breath failed me, and I began to be a little sensible of the ridicule of my situation and conduct.

15.

THE RESTORATIVE.

EXHAUSTED, I sat down on one of the mossy stone benches between the trees in the avenue. The stillness of the night, illumed by a cloudless full moon, amidst myriads of glittering stars, while it formed a sad contrast with the harassed feelings of my mind, tended probably to soothe my agitated frame. On reaching for my handkerchief to wipe the cold perspiration from my forehead, the Baron's note dropped from my pocket. Its contents, read in the bright moonlight, fully completed the work of restoration :—

“ My dear Mr. Ferdinand,

“ I cannot describe to you the pleasure I felt at the beautiful Latin congratulation which you were good enough to pen for Baron Fritz. Its language and sentiments do credit to your head and heart. Accept the en-

closed trifle as an earnest of my good wishes for your future welfare, to promote which you may ever depend upon the active assistance and friendship of

“ Yours, &c.

“ WOLDITZ.”

The enclosure consisted of a bran-new ducat,* a sum ten times greater than that which at any former time I could call my own. This tangible token of the Baron's good intentions, together with the kind assurance of his future protection, completely recalled the buoyancy of youthful spirits, liable to be easily depressed, but capable of being as readily revived. I could have felt sufficiently strong to return to the company at the Baron's; but, upon mature reflection, a continuation of my route homeward appeared preferable. I resumed my steps cheerfully, building castles in the air with the treasure I possessed. Whatever could singly be procured with the ducat, was collectively incorporated in the catalogue of my personal property, which thus at first was increased in imagination a hundredfold; but a simple arithmetical consideration soon afforded the disappointing result, that the acquisition of one article must exclude the ninety-nine others in simultaneous contemplation. To select this one became a perplexing dilemma, until a chance-look at the hiatus below decided the question, by suggesting the paramount necessity of replacing the scarlet by a

* A gold coin, worth about 10s.

smart waistcoat of at least three inches additional length, in case I might have to dance another cotillon.

The scene at home on my relating to uncle and aunt the adventures of the evening, the sympathizing distress of the latter, and the stoic calmness of the former, shall for once be left to the depictive imagination of my readers. Mrs. Franck fully approved the immediate acquisition of the new article of dress ; but her philosophic spouse voted for delay, inasmuch as, according to Valerius Maximus, "*Gravia graviores curam exigunt negotia* ;" that is to say, "Great resolves demand great consideration." The prize obtained for the Latin oration was therefore carefully put by, until the important question of its appropriation should be finally decided.

16.

BIRTHDAY ODE.

BARON FRITZ, the next morning, called upon me at Mr. Knobelsheimer's, to condole, as he said, on my last night's misfortune, and to present me, on the part of his father, with a beautiful old apron of flowered satin from the late Baroness's wardrobe, which I was to get made into a new waistcoat at the Baron's expense. I took this opportunity to inquire again how the young gentleman had acquitted himself of his oratorical task ; and

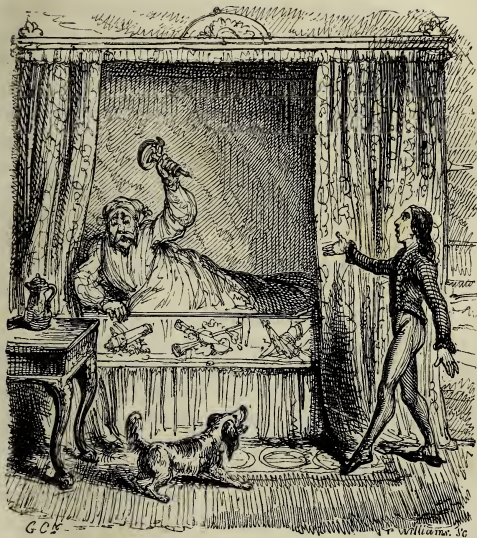
now, for the first time, received the detailed account of a scene not unworthy of the reader's attention.

The Baron's waking was invariably attended with an obstinate morning cough, accompanied by a variety of sonorous rattles and gargarizations. These matin rumbles were as invariably re-echoed by a stout barking of his favourite Spitz; and the barking of Spitz was a signal for Hans, the invalid corporal, to enter with a pair of hussar boots in one hand, and a razor apparatus in the other, with which he forthwith proceeded to shave his master's beard in bed.

On the present solemn occasion, instead of Hans, Fritz stepped in, boldly took his stand at the foot of the bed, drew the curtains, bowed respectfully, and spake as follows :

“ Carissime pater, patriæ *ornamentum*, *inimicorumque* terror !”

Spitz, the spaniel, wroth probably at this infraction of the regular order of things, had already expressed his disapprobation by some passages of angry half-smothered growlings; his canine sagacity, moreover, distinguished perhaps sounds altogether different from the German idiom: in short, he barked lustily, as in duty bound—the enraged Baron flings the candlestick at the loyal beast, and poor Fritz's retentive powers, slender at all times, are flown at once. In vain he repeats over and



over again the above exordium—the sequel obstinately remains a *non sequitur*.

In this excruciating dilemma, an ordinary youth would have retired with shame and confusion ; but Fritz was a genius. With a presence of mind which has since distinguished his military career, he recollected a Latin rule of grammar—the only one he knew perfectly—thanks to the cane of my uncle !—it was his rightful property, for he had purchased its acquisition with bruises, and so he was determined to bring it forthwith into practical use. Undauntedly, therefore, he bowed once more and recommenced :

“ Carissime pater, patriæ ornamentum, inimicorumque terror !

“ *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas : ut sunt Divorum ; Mars, Bacchus, Apollo : Virorum ; ut Cato, Virgilius : Fluviorum ; ut Tiberis, Orontes : Mensium ; ut October : Ventorum ; ut Libs, Notus, Auster. Propria femineum referentia nomina sexum femineo generi tribuuntur : sive Dearum sunt * * * *. Excipienda tamen sunt quædam urbium.*”

The whole of this “ neat and appropriate speech” being impressively delivered, with suitable emphasis and vehement energetic gesticulation, the Baron’s heart was moved to the quick, and a tear of paternal wonder and delight meandered over his gray mustachios.

“ Kiss me, my dear boy !” he exclaimed with a stifled sob ; “ this is a delightful surprise—indeed I call it one of the happiest moments of my life—I thank you for all the good wishes you have expressed towards your father’s health and happiness, and no less for the filial promises which this beautiful speech holds out. I hope, nay I am sure, you will keep all you have promised. Kiss me again, you sly rogue ; you are quite an orator !—By G——, Julius Cæsar, at the battle of Cannæ, could not have addressed his legions with more energy ; it puts me in mind of the great Frederic, when he harangued the Prussian guards at the battle of Rosbach. Our regiment was drawn up at a small distance—but of this another time ; stop a moment ——”

Here the prince of German hussars arose from his bed, and, in his shirt, went to the bureau to give to his “ promising” offspring the reward already alluded to. He inquired next for the writer of this supposititious oration ; and Fritz, for his own credit’s sake, mentioned the author—not of the very grammatical speech actually delivered, but of the composition that was intended to have been spoken, but suffered abortion.

The information thus obtained from Baron Fritz was any thing but satisfactory to my feelings. My pride was hurt at seeing my first labour thus shipwrecked ; the high eulogiums I had received from

the Baron now sat light upon me, and a serious scruple arose whether I could in conscience retain possession of the ducat presented to me. The case, therefore, was referred to my uncle and aunt at dinner. The latter thought me perfectly crazy in entertaining any scruple at all; but uncle, considering the matter liable to arguments on both sides, promised to give it a few hours' serious reflection. The question, therefore, was gravely resumed at supper, when he adjudged the ducat to be fairly mine; for, not to advert to the exposure of Baron Fritz, and the cruel disappointment to the father's feelings, which must be the inevitable consequences of my returning the money, it was evident that the remuneration had been awarded and intended for that which I had actually performed; and that the trial of substitution, on the part of the young-ker, to which I had not been a party, could in no way affect the justice of my claim. Upon these grounds, enforced with a variety of other reasoning, I was pleased to find that I could, with the best conscience, retain the meed of my Latin scholarship.

17.

THE BRAIN-FEVER.

AFTER the above incidents, some months, which may be set down as a blank in my youth-

ful biography, passed away pleasantly enough. I continued my medical studies at the doctor's with assiduity, and without much vexation on his part; assisted my uncle in his scholastic duties; and received many marks of the favour of the Baron, who in vain tried every means to persuade my uncle to send me to the capital, in order to study music in all its branches. Although his mind was not fully made up whether I should exclusively devote myself to the medical art, his aversion to my becoming a musician or composer was not to be overcome. Besides the reasons already mentioned, he insisted that, according to his oracle the great Lavater, my physiognomy presented no one indication favourable to harmony, nor any feature of that genial enthusiasm which he held to be indispensable in the fine arts towards future greatness.

It was about this time that the craniological system of Dr. Gall began to attract the notice of the learned in Germany. Some articles on the subject occasionally appeared in the "Hamburg Correspondent;" and the affinity between the new theory and the physiognomical speculations of his idol Lavater had already excited an intense degree of curiosity in the breast of my uncle, when one day he saw (at the Three Crowns) an advertisement in that paper announcing the publication of a book in illustration of Gall's Doc-

trine of the Brain, followed by a very favourable report of the booksellers as to the high merit and interest of the work.

Mr. Franck came home so full of the subject, that, instead of eating his supper quietly, he entertained his spouse and me with the great importance of the new psychological discovery concerning the faculties and functions of the human brain; and expressed the most poignant regret at the insufficiency of his pecuniary means to procure the valuable book in question. My aunt asked whether he had not books enough in reason to satisfy the wants of a schoolmaster; and plainly hinted at the utter impossibility of his having read through "all the rubbish" upon which such a deal of money had already been spent, and which after his death would not fetch the amount of a decent burial.

"You do not understand these matters, my dear Margaret," replied my uncle calmly: "the work I am speaking of is altogether an extraordinary production, and, considering the plates, surprisingly cheap. What is three guilders thirty kreutzers,* in comparison to the important knowledge purchased with it?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Franck, what is three

* About 7s.

guilders thirty kreutzers ; it is more than we have in the house at this moment."

" True, dear ; but not more than we could command, if we chose. If we were to sell one of those pigs"

Here the knife and fork involuntarily dropped from the hands of the horror-struck Mrs. Franck. She looked aghast at her husband, heaved a deep sigh, bit her lips as if her speech were going to fail. But an oral bankruptcy being a misfortune very unlikely to befall her on this side of the grave, she relieved the paroxysm by exclaiming with calm but bitter formality—

" Mr. Franck ! if you were to do such a thing, I should think you the last man that wanted a book on brains. What ! sell the pig for a book ? when we are all half-starving—when your poor wife is nearly in rags, ashamed to show herself among her neighbours at church—(*in tears.*) Oh, Nicholas, Nicholas ! you have no more feeling for your wife than for your schoolboys' skins."

Such a pathetic *argumentum à posteriori*, my good uncle, kind-hearted as he was, even to the brute creation, could not resist. He at once gave up all idea of the acquisition of the fondly-desired work.

The thought instantly struck me of devoting my ducat to the gratification of this worthy man's anxious wishes. With inward delight I changed

my coin, and by the carrier sent an order for the book, with the money, to the capital.

18.

APOLLO AND THE MUSES.

IT was the evening before Christmas-eve—such scenes cannot be forgotten—just as my uncle was putting on his wig to attend his evening-school of young girls, and put the last hand to the writing exercises they were to present to their parents before the close of the year, when I entered the room with the craniological volume, and requested his acceptance of the new-year's gift.

Spare me, ye readers of better feeling! a description of this bright, this happy moment in my checkered career. Let your fancy, let your hearts seize the pencil, and sketch a scene which words cannot portray.

Even my aunt's astonishment and vexation "at the folly I had committed," finally gave way to the impulse of her better nature; my aunt even did justice at last to the motives which had induced me to "throw away so much money—a sum which, with a very little to it, would have been sufficient to buy her a stuff gown for the winter."

As to Mr. Franck, as soon as the varied emotions of surprise, delight, gratitude, and affection, had settled into a sort of repose, so as to allow

some scope for curiosity the most eager and intense, he again put by his wig, wiped his spectacles, called for the luxury of a tallow-candle in addition to the ordinary illumination in oil, fixed himself immovably in the old leathern arm-chair, and said,

“ My dear lad, the girls have but just to finish their writing-pieces ; you can see them do it as well, and better than I : only look to that vixen Jenny Weber—dip her pen yourself, she is so apt to make blots. Go over and manage this matter, while I take a little peep at your kind present.”

Proud of the trust reposed in me, and inwardly happy and contented with what I had done, I entered the school-room with buoyant spirits, and took the command of the nymphs ; a very Apollo among the Muses, allowing for one supernumerary in this rustic Pierian assemblage. The unexpected appearance of Mr. Ferdinand was cordially greeted, and every nymph promised to take extraordinary pains to do credit to my charge. To stimulate the exertions of the fair votaries of the quill, I, in return, hinted that if they accomplished their task to my satisfaction, I might be induced to allow a little innocent game, a bit of blind-man's-buff, by way of breaking up, when the work was done.

There was magic in this hint. Not a blot sul-

lied the characters of Jenny Weber, or of any of the Pierian Ten: Mary Dickel, my old favourite, wrote like copper-plate; and the efforts of all were so praiseworthy and successful, that what they had previously done under my uncle admitted of no comparison with their exertions under the auspices of his nephew. In less than half an hour the tables and benches stood piled upon each other, and Apollo, metamorphosed into the blind son of Venus, cautiously strode, groping with extended arms in chase of the nimble nymphs of Feldberg. The pursuit, however, soon grew brisker, and a wanton push from one of the Bacchantes impelled the head of their Orpheus with such a momentum against the huge German stove, that, had it not been for the protecting bandage, his fate would have been similar to the deplorable end of the Grecian lyrist. As it was, the contusion on the left temple for some seconds deprived me of all recollection; and when I opened my eyes for the first time, I beheld Mary, the offender, in a flood of tears, and the rest of her companions anxiously striving to restore animation. The pain was great; but, to calm their fears, I made light of the accident, and the game not only soon resumed its former vivacity, but increased in noise and clamour. My turn came again, and I had just caught, and was saluting Mary Dickel,

when the venerable Mr. Franck, roused from his craniological speculations by the uproar, entered the school-room.

At any other time such a scene would have been deemed unpardonable; but the grateful recollection of the book, and probably his eagerness to return to it, produced but a friendly rebuke on the present occasion. I took care to present to his view the right profile only, lest he might espy the hurt on the left: the pieces were looked over and highly lauded, the nymphs dismissed to their homes, and in compliance with a previous invitation I went to sup with Mary's father, the blacksmith, upon new-made sausages and cabbage-sallad.

19.

ORGANIC RESEARCHES.

ON my return, Mrs. Franck, tired of sitting a mute spectator of her husband's lucubrations, had long retired to solitary rest; for she was a soporescent woman of an evening, when not talked to. Having, through the half-open door, bidden my uncle a transient good night, which, without raising his eyes from the book, he kindly acknowledged by exclaiming, "Wonderful!" I followed the example of my aunt.

Like a notable housewife, she had taken to bed

the keys which would have enabled her husband to enlighten his subject, perhaps, until daylight. The tallow-candle having long ceased its functions, and the lamp, instead of dispensing light, beginning to give out a vile smoke, Mr. Franck found himself reluctantly compelled to shut the book, and rejoin his conjugal partner in the dark.

By this time the cranium of Dr. Gall's disciple had become so overcharged with craniological notions, that, without some vent or other by way of safety-valve, the ferment of the condensed materials might have produced dangerous consequences. On passing my door, which was ajar, and hearing me breathe, the happy thought suddenly struck him of making on the skull of his nephew a practical experiment of the tenets of the German philosopher.

Figure to thyself, gentle reader, the horror I felt at being roused from my first sleep and a sweet dream by the craniological manipulations of a dry bony hand, resembling an anatomical preparation. With a loud scream I started from my bed and seized the tall spectre by the throat.—The words “Nonsense, boy, don't be frightened!” to my amazement proclaimed the vision to be my uncle.

My screams had by this time brought to the spot Mrs. Franck and Lisbeth, in their nocturnal draperies. After a brief and rather obscure ex-

planation, the former exclaimed, "Why, sure, you're mad Nicholas: the book has turned his brain already; it shall be burnt the first thing to-morrow morning."

All the answer the calm Mr. Franck made to this threatening invective was, "The organ of amorousness—the organ of harmony—the organ of murderousness—all in a decisive degree; besides a number of organs less distinctly pronounced."—"There are no organs in the room, my dear Nicholas," replied my aunt, in a soothing tone of intense distress of mind, fully convinced of the truth of her husband's mental aberrations, "The Lord have mercy upon thee, dear Nick! thou'rt wandering in thy senses: come to bed, my dear; come along, and let us pray against the Fiend's temptations."

After a night of more or less agitation to the parties concerned, we sat down to a silent breakfast, until my uncle, in a serious but affectionate tone, addressed me as follows:

"My dear Ferdinand! much as I regret the fright which I caused you and your good aunt last night, the anxiety I long felt for your future destinies will sufficiently justify my having seized the first opportunity of ascertaining your mental and moral qualifications, by the test of Dr. Gall's important discoveries; the truth of which this first trial, compared with previous observations I made

in silence, has confirmed in a surprising manner. I had time before you awoke to examine every part of your skull, and the result is briefly this: "You possess (*pointing to the bump I had received in falling against the German stove the night before*), you possess, in a decided degree, the organ of murderousness. (Here my aunt heaved a deep sigh, and bit her lips.) Don't be alarmed, my dear; the lad cannot help the conformation of his skull. It is for craniology to take warning by such hints, and act accordingly. He would make an excellent carcase-butcher, if we were inclined that way. Our wish had hitherto partly been to make him a practitioner. There's an end of this at once; he would kill more than cure. (With this deduction, however erroneous, I was not disposed to quarrel, having had quite enough of surgery and Dr. Knobelshemer; nor was my aunt inclined to any objection.) This almost unnatural prominence, (*putting his finger to the nape of my neck,*) I am sorry to say, indicates the organ of amorousness in an extreme state."

"Nonsense, Mr. F.; don't put wicked ideas into the child's head."

"He can't help it, my dear. Feel the bump yourself: and, let me tell you, whatever may as yet be the doubts concerning some of the cranial protuberances, this one is indisputably made out; and, what is more, decisively confirmed by what I

saw last night: when I came to the school-room unawares, were you not kissing Mary Dickel, the blacksmith's daughter?"

"It was all in fun." (*Here aunt, with a dark frown, nodded her head most significantly.*)

"Fun, I dare say it was: but be this as it may, now I tell you of the enemy, it is your part to beware of him. '*Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur.*' This organ is so tremendous with you, that, unless you take great care, I fear it will bring you a world of trouble. (*Here every word of my uncle, as I afterwards found, spoke oracular truth. I had often sad occasion to remember his caution.*) For the present I am in hopes that, by the steps I am going to propose, any immediate danger will be averted.

"Between your eyes and ears," continued uncle, "I perceived a third very remarkable rise, just here: this, I am happy to tell you, is of a promising description—it is the organ of harmony; and although I was hitherto ignorant of this predisposition of yours, Baron Wolditz, perhaps instinctively, (for what does he know of craniology?) seems to have been fully aware of its existence. He wishes you to be brought up to music; he has kindly offered his assistance: if your aunt agrees to it, let us follow the guide thus pointed out to us, and avail ourselves of his good intentions. He wishes to send you to the capital to commence

your musical career: much as I shall regret the absence of one I so dearly love, it is for your good, and so let it be; and when I consider that this measure will have the additional advantage of separating you from Mary Dickel, for whom it seems you have a premature kindness, I feel the more reconciled to the idea of parting with you, my dear boy. The distance is not so great but that we may contrive to meet now and then; and my legs are not too old to carry me to the capital to see you during the school vacations."

20.

FAREWELL.

THE plan of my uncle fully coincided with my own wishes; I expressed my instant consent: aunt too, for a wonder, approved of her husband's proposal; and Baron Wolditz received with delight the tidings of our united acquiescence in his views concerning my future career. He immediately wrote to a friend in the capital, to effect the necessary arrangements; and an agreement was made with Mr. Bauer, an excellent musician and theorist, for my instruction, including board and lodging under his own roof. Another fortnight passed in providing the requisite equipments, in which the minute attentions of Mrs. Franck omitted nothing within the compass of her scanty means, not

excepting a few darning-needles and thread, and a pot of her excellent domestic ointment. My uncle's best razor was the only gift in the power of this excellent man to bestow.

My trunk, an immense family ark, crammed with worthless lumber, being sent on by the carrier, and an affectionate leave taken of my kind patron, who presented me with a louis-d'or for travelling expenses and pocket-money, the day after Twelfth-night the heavy morning of parting presented itself. I left a house of tears; and I well remember the last words of my good uncle, uttered through half-stifled sobs :

“ God in Heaven bless you, my dear Ferdinand, and keep you in the path of virtue ! Farewell, my boy, and mind the bump in the nape ! ”

21.

FRANCK ABROAD.

IT was a bitter cold January morning when I bade adieu to all that was dear to me in Feldberg—that is to say, in the whole world, for to all beyond it I was a perfect stranger : the sky was overcast ; the path on the high-road slippery from frost ; for miles not a human being was to be seen ; croaking crows, officiously sweeping the air, seemed to be the only companions of my solitary pilgrimage. These omens might have depressed less buoyant

spirits; and if I had had a turn for hatching hidden futurity into present misery, there was wherewith to supply materials. Fortunately that canker of human happiness, sentimentality, was but a minim in the compound of my moral constitution; for Mr. Nicholas Franck, my excellent uncle, had, by innumerable repetitions, deeply impressed on me one of his favourite apophthegms—*Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere*; or, as he would sometimes say with Ovid—

Quique dolet citius, quam dolor, ipse cadet.

The cold, therefore, and the gloomy heavens, and the slippery path, and the cawing crows, were as nothing to me. The heart was warm with expectation, tinged perhaps with ambition; youthful vitality shed a genial glow over my whole frame. I paced on, nothing loath, some dozen miles, singing, whistling, and castle-building; demolished a great portion of the cold collation of my aunt's providing in a cottage by the road-side, and sallied forth again to complete the quantum of this day's itinerary, until a heavy snow-storm drove me for shelter under the dark branches of a stately forest of firs and pines, through which the road took its direction.

22.

AN ORIENTAL CURIOSITY.

“ SAD time for travel, young Mr. *Landsmann* !” exclaimed, with a short pipe in his mouth, a sal-low, black-haired, thick-set, little creature, hung upon a shaggy white pony, and muffled up to his nose in an old blue cloak, his legs sweeping the snow from the leafless briars, as he advanced towards the protecting cluster of firs I had selected for an asylum, apparently equally approved by him.

“ And where may the young gentleman be going to ?”

“ To the capital, by to-morrow night, I hope.”

“ Ah ! then we shall be going the same way, and mayhap keep each other company, if it is agreeable.”

“ With all my heart, sir, so I can keep up with your steed, and the weather will let us go on ; I think the snow will be over presently.”

“ Amen ! I wish it were half an hour after the end of it. And what may induce the young gentleman to travel to the capital at this severe season, so quite alone ? Going to serve his time in a counting-house, I dare say ; or, perhaps, spend a week or two with some friends—eh ?”

Direct as these questions were, I felt no inclination to satisfy the little man's curiosity ; for my uncle had strongly recommended to me not to be too communicative with persons I did not know ; and the stranger, besides, had a nervous twang in his accent, and traces of tonsorian negligence about his chin, which strongly savoured of the synagogue.

Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, far from being offended at my reserve, made up for it by his own communicativeness, perhaps to encourage a return of favours. Such was his name, which he told me was well known in the capital to high and low, as I should find ; adding, that he dealt in every thing, from diamonds and pearls down to little boys' marbles ; that he had last year only moved into a new house, which cost him fifteen thousand florins before a pane of glass was in a window ; that he was a welcome guest at the tables of counsellors and barons, and gave them *fêtes* in return, the last of which was spoken of in the newspapers, the oysters alone standing him in eighty-seven florins thirty kreutzers ;* that many a great man in S. was on his books, and in arrear for interest, although his terms of accommodation were far from being exorbitant, &c. Mr. Aaron Benzheimer

* 7*l.* 19*s.* 1½*d.* Oysters are a great rarity and delicacy in the interior of Germany.

likewise informed me, that he was now on his return from Amweil, a market-town where he had hoped to do a little business in the jewel and trinket line for Christmas and New-year's presents; but that the poor beast had to carry back nearly as much as he took thither, no trade being stirring: the people had as little money as spirits; the war had impoverished the country; and if it had not been for a few bargains with some of the French officers quartered there, he should have lost money by the trip. The French officers were charming people—they did not mind money; to be sure, they had it cheap; “it comes from our own pockets, sir, and so, as a good German patriot, I make a point of getting as much of it back again as I can.”

Though the snow had abated but little, the day was far spent; and unless we chose to pass a long night *al fresco*, or be snowed in, it was high time to brave the storm and resume our journey. Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, moreover, began to show some misgivings about the safety of the road, by divers allusions to robberies and some broad questions as to the extent of my notions of self-defence. My reply, that unless the odds were palpably against numbers, I would stand by him to the last, instilled infinite comfort and assurance into the breast of my fellow-traveller, which, like many of the Hebrew tribe, harboured a preponderance

of pacific sentiments. He, nevertheless, approved highly of my courage, and seemed evidently to look upon me with regard and complacency.

But, with the exception of some ten or a dozen wild boars, whose sudden appearance in crossing the road caused a momentary panic, no sinister occurrence retarded our progress. I found no difficulty in keeping pace with the jagged duodecimo nag of Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, whose spirits, divested of alarm, grew more and more affable and facetious; and with the fall of night we entered the "Three Kings," a rustic house of entertainment in Walbach, the village which was to be the place of our night's abode.

23.

THE BARGAIN.

THE few hours' interval previous to supper were not unprofitably employed by my companion. No sooner had he lodged his portmanteau in his bed-room, and carefully locked its door, than he came down, and invited me to partake of a pint of wine. Among various characteristic peculiarities, preserved in undiminished force by the tribe of Judah since its dispersion from the banks of the Jordan over the whole globe, a restless curiosity and desire of knowing every body's business are not the least conspicuous. With the first glass, therefore,

which was drunk to the prosperity of my future undertakings, whatever they might be, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer laid formal siege to the fortress of my mental reserve. Having opened his trenches at a distance, and with the skill of a veteran, he soon obtained possession of the outworks of the young tyro in these tactics; a parley ensued, and the place surrendered on a capitulation, by which Mr. Aaron Benzheimer became master of as much information regarding myself as I could from my own knowledge communicate.

When he heard that I was to be an inmate in the family of Mr. Bauer, and to study music under him, he exclaimed, in agreeable surprise, "So so, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Bauer! a very good man, a very good friend of mine. He owes me twelve hundred florins I lent him three years ago, and has pledged his word to pay the eighteen months' interest in arrear, as soon as the opera is brought out which he is now writing, and which I and my friends are going to support bravely, I promise you. Ah, Mr. Franck! you will be with a worthy good man, a great genius in musics, take my word for it. You will be well taken care of by Mrs. Bauer too, that you may make sure of; you will find her a kind and sympathizing soul," added he, with a knowing grin.

"I beg, sir, you will speak with respect."

"And so I do, my dear young gentleman: what I was saying was far from being meant as a re-

flection. Mrs. Bauer is a worthy, an excellent lady ; she pays me punctually for the little lace and cambric, and such like articles, she has of me ; and a good customer she is, for she is particularly neat and tasty in her dress. Talking of dress, excuse me, Mr. Franck, if I am rude—but this coat and waistcoat of yours will be stared at in the capital. We are mighty fashionable there.”

“ So it seems,” (looking at his old brown great coat.)

“ Never mind *me* ! I *have* made my way in the world, and you are but just entering upon yours. A man of my age and property may go in rags—the world knows he is able to buy better ; but a young gentleman of your figure ought to set off the gifts of nature to the best advantage. Allow me to cut you as fine a bit of genuine blue Verriers——”

Although I successfully parried this attack of the persevering man of sales, my youthful inexperience a few minutes afterwards yielded to another assault in a different quarter. Mr. Aaron Benzheimer’s stomach going probably a little faster than mean time, he began expostulating with the host about the delay of the promised supper, and insisted that it was beyond the appointed hour. The host met this reflection on the regularity of his domestic arrangements by pointing to an old wooden Dutch clock, and pledging his word, that as soon as the cuckoo should vociferate his minor

third seven times, the craving appetite of his guest should have full and ample satisfaction; and the co-operation, moreover, of two students, whose blistered feet had since yesterday prevented them from pursuing their pedestrian progress towards the university. Hereupon the great Mr. Benzheimer ostentatiously drew from his fob a gold repeater, and holding it to the ear of mine host, asked him whether he meant to pitch the infallibility of his Black Forest* mechanism against a masterpiece of Breguet's? A dispute naturally arose as to true time, to settle which I was requested to look at my watch: I modestly replied that I had none.

“No watch, my young friend! dear, dear! No watch! Go to the capital without a watch! Be a musician without time! I sell you one, Mr. Franck—an excellent work, for little or no money, because you are a friend.” I protested in vain that I wanted none, and had no money to buy any. Mr. Benzheimer forthwith took a candle to go up to his bed-room, and returned with a sightly silver watch.

“There, sir! this here watch cost me twenty guilders, because I had it a bargain; I am up to these kind of things. You shall have it for twenty-

* The Black Forest is a district of Germany famed for the manufacture of what in this country are termed Dutch clocks.—*Editor.*

two; just ten per cent.—I am satisfied with a small profit. Look at the works—just let me wind it up.”

“ I do not want it, because I have no money at present to pay for it.”

“ No money, my dear Mr. Franck ! I want no money. You shall pay me when it suits you, in a twelvemonth—in two years—by instalments—just as you please ; and if you don't like it, you bring it back to me, and no harm is done. That's the way I deal with gentlemen—that's the way I have got on in the world. I trust the world, and the world trusts me. Some do not pay, but the most part do when they are able. To be sure, I do not trust every one; but I trust you, Mr. Franck: and why do I trust you ? Because you have an open, honest face : I know something of fissinomy. Excuse me, yours is not an every-day countenance ; your eyes look beyond what is before you. You will be a favourite with the ladies, there's no doubt,”—(Mr. Benzheimer had not seen the fatal bump)—“ but I'm much mistaken, too, if you will ever be a musician. You will be a great man, I say, and a good customer of mine, I hope.”

It was a thoughtless, perhaps an immoral action, to yield to such Hebrew eloquence ; I accepted the watch upon these vague conditions, and for a short time lost a portion of that pure peace of mind, with which, not twelve hours ago, I had left my uncle's roof at Feldberg.

24.

PETIT SOUPER.

SOON after this negotiation between the contracting parties, we perceived, to our great joy, the beginning of a commencement for laying the super-cloth—an operation in German inns performed in slow successive gradation, conformable to the sedate character of the nation, which, in all its transactions, great or small, from the deliberations of its National Diet to the driving of its postillions, seems religiously to adhere to the adage—*Festina lentè*. The table being wiped of its swipes, a considerable interval was allowed for evaporation and desiccation, before the second act of spreading the cloth was deemed seasonable. After a good while, the salt-cellars and mustard-pots found their way; a long pause again ensued before the knives and forks made their appearance; in short, not one distinct article of the cœnacular *matériel* came in company with the other, but in measured succession; thereby wisely keeping expectation and stomach on a stretch until the very development of the quite dramatic catastrophe. These dead stops would have proved infinitely tantalizing, had they not, like the intervals between scenic representations, been relieved by a little music proceeding from the kitchen, and consisting, not in a smart

minuet of Haydn, or a lively presto of Pleyel, but a whizzing of hot butter in frying-pans, chopping of sweet herbs on a board in the manner of a dulcimer, swabbing of beat-up eggs in basins for sauce, and winding-up of the roasting-jack. However grateful this harmony sounded to my ears, accompanied as it was by occasional savoury zephyrs whenever the door opened into the blazing windward kitchen, the thought of the pecuniary value of such preparation, coupled with the impotency of my purse, created some slight alarm, which I was candid enough just delicately to hint to my fellow-traveller ; but Mr. Aaron Benzheimer allayed my apprehensions, by assuring me, that the host was a *right* honest and fair-dealing publican ; that the preparations were chiefly for his sake, as he had patronized the house these twenty years ; and that I should find the reckoning wonderfully moderate.

The two students now descended to join us—two walking volcanoes ; one a tall youth, with a huge pipe hanging from the left corner of his mouth, his thumb stuck between the leaves of a book, and so deeply immersed in thought, that a very neutral nod of salutation was all that his abstractions could afford, by way of welcome, for his fellow-guests : the other, a duodecimo figure of pert aspect, while quaffing and puffing the smoke, greeted us with more formality, but with an air of superciliousness, which betrayed the in-

ward consciousness of great acquirements and mental superiority—characteristics pretty general among the German sons of the Muses.

Mr. Aaron Benzheimer was too much a man of the world to resent such uncourteousness ; on the contrary, he rose from his seat, and with Oriental good-breeding gave out a graceful *salam aleicum* in Judaic German. His courtesy and disinterestedness went even so far as to proffer to these incipient sages his services in any article they might stand in need of.

“ The only article we want at present,” replied the little Elzevir, “ is money, having spent all our cash in a philosophical tour during the Christmas vacation. Money is all we want.”

“ Ha !” said Mr. B. “ that may be found too, upon good security.”

“ Our word of honour.”

“ Undeniable security in any thing but business. Nevertheless ——”

Here the treaty was interrupted by the arrival of a mighty tureen of rice-broth, of delicious odour. According to German custom, the host, with a very formal bow, seated himself at the head of the table ; and the place at his right was soon afterwards *well* filled by his better half—better double, I should say ; for, to judge from her plump and adipose arms, deeply purpled by her recent arduous and ardent culinary functions, if

ever she wore the breeches, they could never be those of her spare spouse.

The viands which now presented themselves were various, good, and plentiful. Nevertheless an objection was started, *in limine*, by the pocket edition of human wisdom, who asked the host "whether there were to be no sausages, black-puddings, or other porcine condiments; two large pigs having been executed but yesterday under his windows, and a *perpetuum mobile* of hacking and chopping having existed in the kitchen ever since five o'clock this morning."

The host, although rendered somewhat serious by the previous information of pecuniary deficits, bowed respectfully, expressing a humble persuasion that the bill of fare, such as it was, would give satisfaction.

"What!" exclaimed the epitome of academical wisdom, "disturbed from my sleep by hacking and chopping three hours before daylight; the whole house and my nostrils saturated all day long with effluvia of thyme, coriander, and marjoram; my very clothes impregnated for a week to come with a compound of sausage odours;—and not to have an indemnity for such suffering by a taste! May thunder and lightning strike me, if the "Three Kings" is not worse than Tartarus itself, and the punishments of Tantalus! What does all this mean?"

The host was utterly confounded by such strong and hostile academical language. He had at all times a great aversion to any thing in the shape of high words, even if they proceeded from what was most dear to him—his better double. I thought it very hard, that, after such praiseworthy exertions on the part of the latter to content almost an epicure, he should be requited with abuse by the men of science, whose acknowledged insolvency rendered it improbable that he would be remunerated in any other manner; and I was just on the point of interfering, when Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, with a generous sincerity which raised him greatly in my estimation, observed, that being of the Hebrew persuasion, and a constant friend and frequenter of the house, he had reason to believe, that, without even a hint on his part, the host, from a feeling of delicacy, had excluded the dainties in question,—a circumstance which he regretted exceedingly, as the Mosaic law certainly did not prohibit the sight or smell of them. Indeed, he did not know whether, on a pinch, he might not, with a safe conscience, even taste a bit of clean country pork; the prohibition of Moses being, according to a learned Rabbi of Strasburg, directed against the flesh of the Egyptian swine—an uncleanly animal that fed in the mud of the Ganges (?) and drank the pestilential waters of the Dead Sea. “The Judaic nation of the pre-

sent day, gentlemen," he added, with much complacency, "like the rest of the world, is a very different people from what it was two hundred years ago. Jography, mattomatics, gastronomy, polygamy, and every other science, are as much cultivated among us as among the Christians. My Esther, gentlemen, will tell you every town and river in the moon, as readily as she could name the numerous articles her father deals in."

This candid apology of Mr. Aaron Benzheimer's was lost on the rude minds of the students; they laughed in his face, and grumbled and muttered all the while they were eating, although they ate voraciously of all that was set before them. Much of their conversation took place in miserable Latin, so that my fellow-traveller was spared the vexation of hearing their direct abuse of him; although he had to bear many a sneer, which made me ashamed of their conduct as Christians; and I was just watching for a reflection sufficiently direct to warrant notice, when they suddenly broke up from table, the little fellow muttering to his companion something in Latin, expressive of a determination towards mischief.

Overwhelmed by an unconquerable sleepiness, I too, some time afterwards, left my travelling-companion in converse upon business with the host, and hastened to my chamber, No. 5: that of Mr. Benzheimer being No. 4; and the students,

as I passed No. 3, being heard carousing, or “commercing,” as they call it, in beer, tobacco, and vulgar song.

25.

A BATTLE SCENE.

I COULD not have enjoyed many minutes of my first sleep, before it was disturbed by a tremendous knocking at the door. “Mister Franck! Mister Franck!” exclaimed Mr. Benzheimer from without, in a fearfully nervous Jewish accent, “do come and help!—get up directly!”

Half asleep, I jumped out of bed; and making sure of some foul attack of midnight assassins on his treasure, or of an alarm of fire, I seized my knotty staff and sallied forth, without waiting to put on my clothes.

“Come with me, my dear Mister Franck, and look at my bed,” was all that the agitated feelings of my companion allowed him to utter. The two students, too, *apparently* roused by his clamour, met us in the passage with an air of participation. We all entered the room. I examined the bed, and there found a live pig tied up in a bag!

Indignant at the insult offered to the religion of my fellow-traveller, and suspecting its authors, I loudly proclaimed the person capable of such an action a scoundrel, whoever he might be, with-

out receiving an answer from any of the parties, whose number had by this time been augmented by two or three of the servants. The perpetrators, Mr. Benzheimer observed, must have come through the window, as his door was locked, and the casement wide open. At that moment the ostler espied the bag from which the poor animal had been liberated, and declared that not above an hour ago he had been asked for and had given it to "that" little gentleman, pointing to the student; and the pig was one of his master's litter, but how the gentleman got it he could not tell.

"You then, sir," exclaimed I, "are the owner of the epithet I had intended for you in anticipation;" and taking hold of the door, showed him where I wished him to go. But the little man of science preferred applying a box on my ear, accompanied by a challenge to meet him, cut or thrust, in single combat. For my part, I felt a predilection for settling matters on the spot, and began laying my rustic white-thorn lustily over his back. His tall companion, who might have had no hand in the mischief, had hitherto remained a passive spectator; but when he saw his friend assailed, he conceived himself in duty bound to come to his aid with one of the massy oaken chairs. The balance of hard blows now began to be sorely in my favour, and there was every prospect of an immediate necessity of yielding the

field to superior numbers, unless supported by instant reinforcement.

Hitherto Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, with Hebrew pacificness, had valiantly exerted himself in heart-rending entreaties and supplications to restore peace. In this respect he might be compared to some of the nations of southern climes, whose doubtful valour unfits them to act as principals in the field, except when the back is to be turned to the enemy, on which occasion their energy to be out of harm's way is surprising; but when united in warfare with a nation of true tramontane mettle, ready to stand the brunt and the first hard blows, then, and then only, a sort of secondary courage will often animate the breasts of the former, and move them on, as spaniels follow mastiffs, to flock in shoals after their brave companions in arms, and share in the triumph.

Thus, when the man of sales and per-centages beheld me in fierce and fearful combat, a latent minim of the blood of Joshua and Saul, concretely sojourning in his organization, seemed to liquefy like the blood of St. Januarius, and forthwith to communicate its vital energy to the whole 94 oz. 5 dr. pervading his otherwise pacific frame. In an instant he became a very David before the Philistines, and rushed furiously with his fists upon the tall Goliath, whose spun-out dimensions soon succumbed under the blows of the thick-set Mac-

cabee. Victory now became a mere plaything—a *social* game. One of the *alumni* lay groaning on the floor; and the tall subject, on the point of being strangled by the unrelenting grasp of Hebrew muscle, cried for quarter. But Judaic fury, when once roused, is unquenchable; the philosophic youth would in another minute or two have breathed his last, had the host not made his appearance, separated the combatants, and lodged the two students, sadly mauled as they were, in their own dormitory, No. 3, where we left them vowing the vengeance of their literary fraternity against all the tribe of Israel, the host, and the whole house.

On a cool inspection, the casualties in this action were found to consist in a severe contusion over my left eye, at which Mr. Aaron Benzheimer testified the most poignant grief—the hurt having been inflicted in his cause. He shook me cordially by the hand, expressed his admiration of my valour, together with his conviction that I was destined to act an important part in mundane affairs. “Music is out of the question, my brave young friend; you will be a great man, a very great man, take my word for it. And what do you think of my way of fighting, sir? how did I do the thing, eh?” I naturally did justice to my friend’s prowess; we praised each other, and pleased each other, and then retired to our respective rooms.

No sooner had I risen on the following morning, after a sound sleep, than my fellow-traveller entered the room with the surgeon of the place to look at my eye, for which he dispensed the proper lotion. When I demanded my bill of the host, he informed me that I had nothing to pay, as Mr. Benzheimer had settled every thing. But this is not all: when we were ready to start on our journey, the latter called to me—"Here is a paper of yours, Mr. Franck." Its contents were—

"Received of Mr. ——— Franck the sum of twenty-two guilders, for a silver watch sold him.

"AARON BENZHEIMER."

All my expostulations were fruitless. "If I have not received the actual sum, Mister Franck, I have received infinitely more than its value in the gratification of meeting with a young man of such honourable feeling and noble courage as yours. Courage, Mister Frank, is every thing with me. For this, and for your just principles, I shall always esteem you, my young friend; and were you of our persuasion, the hand of my Esther should be at your service. I can give her thirty thousand florins, and not be much the poorer for it. Her pearl necklace and ear-rings——"

"Her hand, sir;—but her heart?"

"The heart follows the hand, if the husband behaves as he ought. Mrs. Benzheimer hated me

when we first married. When we paid our wedding visits, she walked on one side of the street, and I on the other. Seventeen days, sir, —— But no matter—I found the way to please her at last, and to this day we have lived in the most perfect harmony.”

26.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

MY friend and I journeyed this day towards the capital, alternately bestriding the white pony. His acquaintance, a pure matter of accident as it was, proved subsequently and on more than one occasion eminently useful to me. There was a strange apparent contradiction in this man's character : generous and even lavish on particular occasions, he would miss no opportunity of driving a bargain ; and his own brother was not exempt from the exaction of the regular per-centage which the science of profit and loss, in which he was a very adept, seemed to have made a law and a matter of duty to him. But this very gain he would, perhaps, the next moment, appropriate to acts of the most disinterested charity, even to Christians.

The Jewish character, although this people lives in the midst of us, is, I am convinced, far from being properly understood. Our judgment

is too often formed from the dregs of a nation which we oppress and debase, and, because they are debased, despise. We forget that it is to them we owe the most sublime notions of the Divine Being—a circumstance which alone ought to excite, if not respect, at least kindness and good-will towards them; not to advert to the constancy with which, in spite of oppression and persecution on all sides, they have adhered to their primitive pure faith, from which our own has emanated.

A full view of the distant capital burst on my sight on reaching the summit of an eminence, and left an indelible impression on my mind. The Gothic cathedral, with its lofty steeple and attendant spires; other steeples, domes, and towers, of varied height and form, projecting at irregular intervals; the grand-ducal palace, reflecting from every window the parting rays of a crimson winter's sun through a misty gray atmosphere,—all these rising from behind a continued band of rampart, with a protruding old bastion here and there; gates sending endless avenues of trees in diverging lines into the country; the surrounding plain, interspersed with the clumps of little parks and pleasure-gardens, diminutive palaces, and country houses;—all these objects, however deprived of the charms of foliage and verdure, filled the simple youthful mind with delight and wonder.

At the distance of about two miles from the capital, my friend proposed to enter a smart house of entertainment and dancing for Sunday visitors, not so much to put the landlord in mind of his promise to discharge the interest of a loan long due, as to await the setting-in of night, more congenial to my attire, and to set off my person, such as it was arrayed, by means of a little brushing and ablution ; observing, that a young man ought to be very particular as to first impressions, which frequently had the greatest influence on his future career. My eye, besides, which, in its progress through all the colours of the rainbow, had arrived at an interesting *verd-antique* tint, would look less remarkable by candle-light.

The landlord's excuses, accompanied with a glass of excellent wine, were accepted : the war, too, had wofully ruined his trade ; not above six Sundays' dancing all the season—and what dancing ! little or nothing spent : where people called for rack-punch and champagne, and chicken and tarts, bread and cheese and swipes were now the order of the day.

Refreshed within and renovated without, we resumed our journey. The noble triple avenue of linden-trees, with lamps stretching through an immeasurable perspective, carriages going and coming with high-bred coursers, officers and beaux

galloping towards the town; two or three splendid sledges drawn by superbly caparisoned steeds, preceded by outriders with torches; a confused noise of distant metropolitan activity,—all I saw and heard, augmented my wonder and expectation, until the conclusion of a close and minute interrogatory by a sergeant at the city gate enabled us to proceed to the house of Mr. Bauer, my musical Mentor, where Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, with a cordial shake of the hand, gave me a general, and as I afterwards found a sincere, invitation to his house and table.

27.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

“MASTER is just gone to rehearsal,” mumbled, through a toothless mouthpiece, the shrill squeaking nasal voice of a misprint of nature, edited some fifty years back, which might have sat to a sculptor for a *laid idéal* to be honoured with a place in Prince Biscari’s museum of monstrosities in Sicily. (First impressions with a vengeance !)

“Your mistress?”

“Going to the rehearsal too, presently—dressing in her room—can’t see her now.”

“See her, by all means !” exclaimed, in a mellow laughing tone, an invisible voice precisely the

reverse of Miss Barbara's vocal apparatus. "Walk up, Mr. Franck, if you'll excuse my *négligé*." (First impressions, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer!!)

Mrs. Bauer's reception was superlatively cordial: a hearty treble kiss * * *, with a thousand apologies for receiving me half-dressed, involuntarily directed my hand to the bump in the nape.

"The students, I hope, have not wounded your head behind too, Mr. Franck?"

"The students, madam?"

"Yes, Mr. Franck; the students whom you fought so bravely last night. Why, you seem quite thunderstruck at my knowing your feats. Oh! I could tell you some other matters concerning you, that my little familiar has communicated; but I am rather in a hurry: another time will do. I expect a friend of my husband's to go with me to the dress rehearsal. It is *Axur*. You might accompany us: but no—you are tired, I dare say, and you could not well go as you are. We shall be back in a couple of hours. There are books below, and a piano, to pass the time; and there is Bärbel (Barbara), my beauty, I venture to trust with you. She will tell you all the news of the town. Mind, she loves scandal: if you believe one quarter of what she says, you'll be choked with lies."

(*Enter Barbara.*) "Mr. Elsner is below."

We descended. I was introduced to the gentle-

man, who soon departed with Mrs. Bauer, and I was left to recover from my astonishment at this first short interview.

Mrs. Bauer's uncommon affability, her *sans gêne*, overwhelmed my rustic intellects; and her knowledge of the adventure at the inn (most naturally explained afterwards) threw over this meeting an air of mysteriousness which completely bewildered my senses.

My cogitations were relieved by the appearance of Bärbel with some tea, which her mistress had ordered to be prepared for me. Brimful of provincial civilities, I addressed her "Miss Barbara," and shook hands with the misprint. Whether it was this act of condescension; or that, like low minds, she measured her attentions to persons by the scale of treatment they received from her superiors; or that she looked upon me merely as a sink to receive the offal of scandal, which her organization bred too fast not to welcome every opportunity for vent, especially that of a newcomer not yet forestalled or saturated;—be the reasons what they might, Miss Bärbel now appeared quite another woman. It was in vain to beg it as a favour that she would keep her information regarding the house to herself: there she stood, right opposite to me, with her bony arms elegantly hidden under her apron, immovable as

Lot's wife in my uncle's great Bible, excepting her organ of speech, from which venom cascaded in streams abundant and uninterrupted.

Happily for me, one of her pots in the kitchen, seemingly jealous, and willing to compete with the overflowings of her tongue, required her sudden assistance.

On going to the piano-forte, I found it wretchedly out of tune, as is frequently the case with the instruments of professional men ; whether in confirmation of the old saying that "shoemakers' children are worst shod," or that perhaps the ear of great musicians may have reached a degree of perfection which enables them to fancy the most false sounds of a pitch precisely correct—like the Hottentots at the Cape, who, caring little whether a gun be true or not, shoot as well with the one as with the other, after having ascertained the quantum of deviation.

Having nothing better to do, I sat down to tune the instrument, after the approved method of my uncle, Mr. Nicholas Franck. The remainder of the time the *chronique scandaleuse ambulante* took care to fill up by sundry appendices of information explanatory of her previous opening speech ; all which she delivered in detached but considerable portions, going in and out, laying the cloth, until the return of her "excellent master,"

as she called him, with his lively spouse, accompanied by the tenor-singer of the opera establishment.

28.

THE REHEARSAL.

MR. BAUER, my future master, received me with a kindness, the sincerity of which could not be mistaken. He was a little man, with a large head, vivid eyes, and a constant smile of *bonhomie* upon his countenance. But more of his character hereafter.

That he loved good eating and drinking, the supper and his comments upon it, as well as the great relish with which he enjoyed it, sufficiently testified. Nothing was talked of but the rehearsal, and the anticipation of to-morrow's representation. The tenor swore that if they did not alter the turban, and give him a new pair of morocco slippers, he would not set foot upon the stage. He complimented Mr. Bauer on his training of the choruses, "which were no way inferior to those of Berlin." Mr. Bauer concurred in their praise, and would give a louis out of his own pocket if they did half as well to-morrow: "but," added he, "you will see what it is when the house is full; it is as if an evil spirit had got into them, especially the girls, who, instead of minding their time and me, promenade their

ogles over the pit and boxes, grin and chuckle at the officers and clerks : and, as a proof of what I tell you, there is Miss P——, whom I purposely engaged because she is blind ; she absolutely keeps the rest together. God forgive me ! I wish they were all blind !—Now I think on it, my dear Belmont, there's one thing I wish to suggest : when you see the palace on fire, a scene which you *do* so exquisitely, a little more agitation in the *tem-po*, beginning *sotto voce*, and gradually increasing, would be an infinite improvement, in my opinion—in this way——”

Here Mr. Bauer, with his mouth full, stepped to the piano, and, finding it in better tune than usual, prognosticated a thaw ; when Bärbel, with a burst of laughter, informed him of the real cause.

“ Bravo ! Mr. Franck—Ferdinand we may as well call you, as you are one of the family.—Let's see the wolf !—Capital ! Come, there's work cut out for you to begin with. A dozen instruments in town will claim your services to-morrow ; that's a dozen guilders in my pocket, and you shall have half of it for pocket-money. A good ear at all events, and that's half the battle.”

The effects of my journey having for some time manifested themselves by an unconquerable drowsiness, Mrs. Bauer very kindly showed me to my room, a neat airy garret, in which I found my immense trunk safely lodged. “ We had some

trouble," said Mrs. B. "to get this monster here; it wants but four wheels to make a commodious Diligence. What a wardrobe you must have! We shall look at it to-morrow. Good night! Pleasant dreams to you!"

29.

CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

As the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Bauer had a considerable share in my future destinies, it may be desirable to steal a march upon time, and depict them such as subsequent observations and experience exhibited them to me.

Mrs. Bauer might have arrived at the age of twenty-eight—a recurring decimal in female chronology—a stage of life which, although carrying an impression somewhat broad and mature of younger charms, not only generally exhibits them without absolute defalcation, but often communicates the zest of complete development and maturity, enhanced by ripened mental powers and perfected experience. Mrs. Bauer certainly treated her husband with unvaried attention, kindness, and, I think I may add, affection. Fully aware of the value he placed in the pleasures of the table, she did not solely depend upon the attainments of Bärbel in culinary science, the respectability of which alone secured her stay in the family against

all the drawbacks of numerous physical and moral imperfections. Mrs. Bauer lost no opportunity in gaining, herself, every possible knowledge, written as well as traditional, for the confection of new savoury dishes for her husband's gratification. Not only did she devote many an hour to intense study in the *Cuisinier Bourgeois*, but two or three great dinners which Mr. B. was in the habit of giving to his friends annually—the highest mark of attention which in *his* opinion could be conferred—enabled her to collect from professional *men*-cooks employed on those occasions a great and valuable accession of knowledge in the gastronomic art.

To Mr. Bauer's predilection for a game at cards she also had the good sense to adapt herself, so far as to be able, in case of need, to take a hand at whist. This, however, she evidently did against her inclination, merely to please him, and to prevent his going to the Cassino, where he generally lost his money: for, as Mrs. Bauer was no adept at the game, her play occasionally led to rebukes and expostulations, such as "trumping Mr. B.'s good cards, bottling up ^{her} trumps," &c. which, however gentle, she was desirous of avoiding, as the only cause—she truly observed—of any differences in their otherwise happy union.

30.

MUSICAL LECTURE.

AT breakfast, next morning, I found in Mr. Bauer the same affability and good-humour which had characterized him at first sight. In fact, he was ever cheerful and gay, except when he spoke upon music. Not that even then he appeared stern or morose; but the elevated idea which he entertained of his art, its aim and powers, fired his whole being with enthusiasm; his eyes beamed with genial lustre; he seemed inspired, and desirous of inspiring others with the sacred flame.

“Ferdinand,” said he, when Mrs. Bauer had left us to pass in review the valuables which my immense travelling receptacle had brought from Feldberg, “Ferdinand, you are come here to study music: before I ask you another question, tell me, is it from your own wish, or that of your friends?”

“Mine, above all things.”

“That’s something, my boy; indeed it is much towards future success. But even with this predilection on your part, and with the most strenuous exertions you may use, I know as yet too little of you to predict excellence in the art. It is easier to be a great general, a great philosopher—nay, even a distinguished painter or poet, than a great

musician. To become a composer of eminence, you must not only bring with you gifts of nature which would enable you to become an artist or poet of the first order, but your frame and your nervous system must be so constituted as to be susceptible of feelings the most delicate and emotions the most powerful. You must be abundantly gifted with a sense of propriety—with an intuitive perception of the beautiful ; you must be an enthusiast for the art ; your heart must be open to every noble and generous impulse—your sentiments chaste, elevated, sublime, free from the dross of worldly considerations ; your judgment must be correct, your intellect quick and penetrating. And allowing you, my dear Ferdinand, all these most rare endowments of bountiful Nature, they would be like a good soil neglected unless they were cultivated by an assiduous study of the principles of the art in the first instance, and of other accessary branches more or less connected with it. The Muses, my dear Ferdinand, are all sisters ; they go hand in hand, leading their darling votary to the temple of Fame. Hence you will have to sacrifice at the shrine of nearly all of them. In directing these accessary studies, I shall take care that you devote a part of your time to the classic poets of every country ; a friend of mine has offered to give you lessons in drawing, and our ballet-master will instruct you in dancing, on condition that you assist him with

your violin, or on the piano-forte, while he is training the figurantes of our opera establishment. To-morrow I shall myself begin my course of professional instruction with you ; my time being fully occupied this day with the rehearsals for to-night's performance. To these you can do no better than accompany me forthwith ; so the sooner you get yourself dressed the better."

"Dressed !" exclaimed with a smile Mrs. Bauer, who had returned in the midst of this discourse ; "the whole of his wardrobe, in the tremendous trunk up-stairs, does not contain a suit in which I should not be ashamed to see him go out of the house. You would bless yourself to see the newest fashions of Feldberg !"

I still remember these terrible words, and the disappointment and humiliation which they caused me. After a short consultation, it was decreed that for the present the tailor of the family should be instantly sent for, to select the articles most eligible, and metamorphose them into a cut sufficiently fashionable to accompany Mrs. Bauer, in the evening, to the opera.

The persuasive manners of Mrs. Bauer succeeded in obtaining from the knight of the thimble a sacred promise of doing the needful by sunset, until which time I remained of course a close prisoner in the house. In this state of temporary captivity I received a visit from my travelling-

companion, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, who, on being informed of the cause of my captivity, reminded me of what he had foretold, and proposed immediately to cut me a *quantum sufficit* of his superfine blue Verviers on credit, as long as I pleased; but this time I manfully resisted his tempting offer. Mr. Benzheimer on this occasion gave Mrs. Bauer a most glowing description of the combat at the inn with the students, and spoke in terms of admiration of the valour I displayed in the engagement. "Madam," said he, "you have with you a young man of the most excellent character—gentle as a lamb, but fierce as a lion when roused by the sight of an injured fellow-being; and as for his learning, I'll match him against any youth in the capital. The students thought they had it all to themselves when they talked Latin; but Mr. Franck knew every word they said, just as if he was born and bred in Greece or Egypt!"

31.

THE OPERA.

IT was a long and tedious day for me; but the man of fashions kept his word, and appeared before candlelight with his blue bag, containing the second edition of my Feldberg attire, corrected, but not augmented, for the slips he had the con-

science to return bespoke the havoc of the shears. His taste and ingenuity had done wonders ; for Mrs. Bauer agreed not only that now my person was producible, but that altogether I looked quite handsome. No time, therefore, was lost in proceeding to the theatre, accompanied by a particular friend of Mr. Bauer's, who had the goodness to lend an arm to his spouse.

That evening at this moment dwells fresh in my memory. The only regular scenic representations (Punch always excepted) which I had as yet witnessed, were two in number—*Dr. Faustus*, and the Sufferings of *St. Genoveva*—both deep tragic dramas, enacted by puppets and wires in a barn at Feldberg. But here I entered a splendid house, filling apace with the *beau monde* of a gay capital : dashing officers, nobles, counsellors, secretaries, clerks, and other civilians without number ; every one producing his individuality in adjusted costume, and with an air of importance which seemed desirous to impregnate the surrounding atmosphere with his consequence—elderly ladies of title, superciliously rustling their brocades over the box benches, and dispensing musk and lavender, and other grateful smells, by way of indemnity for less pleasing sights—unscented nymphs in the bloom of youth, attired by the Graces in a thousand varied and fanciful ways, serious, smiling, languishing, lively. My senses were bewildered and stupi-

fied, until the preparatory operation of tuning called my attention to the orchestra. Two or three minutes more, and the confused hum and buzz of the house, as if by magic, changed into a solemn silence of expectation. Mr. Bauer, with a long white *bâton*, gave the signal, and the overture began with a simultaneous crash. The sensation I felt may be imagined, but cannot be described. My frame was in a trance—the delight bordered on suffering. But greater joys, greater trials, awaited the novice. The curtain rose; and Tarar, with his beloved Astasia, joined their voices in a duet of heavenly sweetness. My nerves, soon rising to their maximum of tension, were unable to withstand the powerful shock: in vain I strove to stifle the inward emotion; the tears trickled down my cheeks; I sighed, I sobbed—what followed I can only tell from hearsay, for on opening my eyes I found myself in a large saloon, placed on a sofa, leaning on Mrs. Bauer's arm, inundated with water and *eau de Cologne*, surrounded by two or three acquaintances of hers, a dozen of curious idlers, &c.

“It is the heat of the house that has overcome the young man,” said one; while another insisted that it was the smell of the stage-lamps near our box; and a third was sure it must have been an imaginary alarm of fire, caused by the artificial burning of the palace on the stage. “Come, Fer-

dinand," said the kind Mrs. Bauer, "come into the air; or rather let us go home at once—you seem very unwell."—I had by this time gradually recovered, and I heard within the house a powerful and superb chorus sung in a masterly manner. This charm I could not resist: I begged as a favour to be allowed to return to my place, and Mrs. B. consented, not without great reluctance. The remainder of the opera passed without farther visible consequence on my part: but my whole frame vibrated with every successive part of the music in corresponding and powerful emotion; nascent tears often suffused the glistening eye; my whole being seemed as if dissolving in an ecstasy of delight; but the continuance of the pleasure gradually diminished its more vehement effects: I was no longer totally absorbed in the sense of hearing and transports of intense feeling; my eyes caught at times Mr. Bauer, wielding, with zeal and enthusiasm, the *bâton* of harmonic command, by which he seemed to hold the whole orchestra suspended and subjected to his will.

The opera was followed by a pantomimic ballet of action—"Ariadne in Naxos,"—a scenic performance which, although equally novel and full of wonders and delight for me, exerted its influence rather on the senses than on the finer feelings of the heart. I sympathised with the forlorn condition of the deserted Cretan maid, and scorned her

seducer Theseus ; but the arrival of Bacchus, accompanied by his train of bacchantes, satyrs, &c., as it appeared very materially to console the distresses of the daughter of Minos, equally allayed my apprehensions for her fate. The dances, attitudes, and groupings of the nymphs, transported my imagination to a land of fairies : I revelled in the delicious enjoyment ; but my self-possession remained unaffected, and at the close of the representation my spirits, although elated and buoyant, were in due keeping.

32.

PROGNOSTICS.

ON our return home we met Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, who, having just heard of the accident at the opera, came in all haste to inquire after the health of "his young friend." He was invited to join us at supper, which he declined with Hebrew humility, having supped already ; but, "if not intruding, he would do himself the honour to sit half an hour with us."

My adventure naturally engrossed much of the conversation. Mr. Bauer, who had observed the accident in the house, declared that it had nearly put him and the orchestra out of countenance. No sooner did Mr. Benzheimer learn from Mrs. Bauer that the occurrence, in her opinion, was ob-

viously owing to the effect which the music had on my nerves, than he significantly shook his head.

“Excuse my freedom,” he said, “if I venture to express my humble sentiments before my betters in these matters. I had already formed some ideas about Mr. Franck’s future prospects in the musical line, and this little accident has completely confirmed my opinion, that music is the last thing in which he is likely to make a figure; it’s quite clear now that he has no taste for it: what would you say, gentlemen, of a student in medicine that fainted away at an anatomy, or a pupil in painting that felt sick at the smell of linseed and varnish? I look upon this accident as a hint from Providence. Take my word for it, Mr. Bauer, our young friend will never make a musician.—Nature has intended him for something better than.....”

Poor Mr. Benzheimer was not permitted to finish his prognostic. Mr. Bauer, the gentle, the good-tempered Mr. Bauer, on hearing the apparent slight with which the art, his idol, was mentioned, nearly choked himself in the abrupt deglutition of a goodly mouthful of half-masticated venison-pasty.

“Better than what, Mr. Benzheimer?” exclaimed my irritated Mentor: “no doubt your worldly sagacity would have the lad be a chapman in beads, ear-rings, watches and chains, laces,

cambrics, and broad-cloths! If *you*, Mr. Benzheimer, have no regard or feeling for an art, as much above your sphere of thinking as the heavenly strains of the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi are above the drone of a Jew's harp, I may at least request you will not pollute the mind of my young friend with your grovelling notions."

"Dear me! I ask a thousand pardons—I meant no offence—I am heartily sorry——"

"So you ought to be, Mr. Benzheimer; your simplicity shall be your excuse. You are sorry for what you have said—that's enough, as far as you and I are concerned. But as for Ferdinand, let me observe, that I *too* look upon the occurrence as a hint from Providence, clearly and imperatively pointing to his future calling. I, although fully engaged in the important task of conducting the orchestra—I remarked the change in Ferdinand's looks; I saw him struggle to stifle the sweet emotions which that divine duet produced on his frame; I saw the tears trickle down his rosy cheeks. Those tears, Mr. Benzheimer, were gems more precious than all the pearls and brilliants in your shop."

"Bless us! bless us!!"

"They flowed from a noble source, a tender, a feeling heart—a soul that covibrates with harmony, because it is harmony itself. Happy the parent whose son's eye is moistened by music! Let

him hail those tears as the heralds of all that is noble and generous in human nature—of a portion of the divine essence that pervades beings of a superior order. *You* are my boy, Ferdinand; I am sure you are a good lad, and I am as certain you will be a good musician.”

Without fatiguing the reader with a farther detail of this discussion upon music, and its high rank in the scale of human attainments, it may be sufficient to add, that the enthusiasm and eloquence of Mr. Bauer silenced my modest Hebrew friend; yet obviously without convincing his mind, especially on the articles of pearls and brilliants and worldly fortune, which latter Mr. Bauer held as nothing compared with fame: while the man of sales and per-centages looked with Falstaff-like indifference upon any excellence unsusceptible of a positive valuation in florins, kreutzers, and pfennings.

33.

MONSIEUR DUPRE.

IN the course of a few days, Mr. Bauer completed the plan and arrangements for my musical studies. In the theory of the science, the piano-forte, and singing, I received instruction from himself; and such were his skill, taste, and friendly zeal, and my assiduity and love for the

art, that he beheld with delight, as he expressed himself, the growth of the promising tree he had planted and trained with unremitting care. On the violin, which I played tolerably already, I enjoyed the tuition of an excellent master out of doors. For the classics, mythology, and belles lettres in general, a candidate of divinity was selected, who attended me at home on very moderate terms; and a friend of Mr. Bauer's, an artist, allowed me to attend gratis a drawing-school which he had established.

Dancing I acquired on terms of mutual accommodation; Mr. Bauer having, as already stated, made an arrangement with Monsieur Dupré, the ballet-master, which enabled me to partake of his instructions to the *élèves de ballet*, on condition of my relieving him, as occasion might require, with my violin or the piano-forte.

The pupils consisted of half a dozen or more girls, and two or three lads, the children of persons in confined circumstances, or professional scions of the theatre. The severe drilling which these aspirants received, under the hands of their French tyrant of hops and steps, formed a striking contrast with the smiles and graces which they exhibited on the theatrical boards. Their youthful and interesting countenances, and their elegant forms, were incapable of disarming the rigour of the iron-hearted Monsieur Dupré. In this cho-

ragic *réunion*, I certainly soon became a very accomplished dancer ; but as for every thing else that I here learned, the debtor unquestionably overbalanced the creditor side of the account.

In this branch of the *beaux arts* I was a perfect Goth, when I first presented myself at Monsieur Dupré's academy ; since the dance at Baron Wolditz's, and the *gap* then and there occurring, I had not once had a heart to venture on farther saltatorian efforts. For the first two or three lessons, therefore, I remained a passive fiddler, as far as related to bodily exertion ; but my looks and thoughts were most intensely of the active kind, when I heard the poor nymphs addressed in terms like these—

“ *Allons donc, Mademoiselle Eugénie ! haussez la jambe : raise—a—de laig, Mees. More, more, I say.—Souriez donc, Mademoiselle Fanny ; smaile avec grace when you make dat attitude.—Tenez ferme, nom d'un D—— : quel à-plomb !—Encore une fois ! et si vous ne faites pas mieux—if you make—a—not bettair, I shall give you one box on de ear, savez-vous.*”

At another time, Monsieur Dupré would bewail his lot, which cast him among German barbarians. *Oh, comme ils sont bêtes, ces Allemands ! oh, de stupide nation ! qu'on me donne des cochons de France, je les ferai danser mieux. I will make de French pigs dance bettair, je vous en réponds—*

point de goût, point de grâce ! Ah, juste Ciel, quel sort !"

"Knees out, Mademoiselle Victorine ! if you again make dat figure of *ten* wid your knees, de stocks shall change it into a *two*." (This was no vain threat.)

It was the second or third time of my attendance, that the terrible Monsieur Dupré vouchsafed to direct his first attention to my own improvement. He would probably have delayed it longer, had not some of the nymphs challenged my co-operation in their saltatorian gambols.

"*Eh bien !*" said he, "*allons voir son savoir faire*—show to the ladies, Mr. Franck, what progress you have made in de art. You waltz, *sans doute ?*"—"A little."—"You dance de minuet, *l'âme de la danse ?*"—"So so."—"Eh bien ! a little of dat, so so of de oder : ver' well, *nous allons voir tout-à-l'heure*. We shall try a minuet, and I shall give—a—you de best partnair in de academie—*ce n'est pas dire grand chose malheureusement*. Mademoiselle Victorine, come, and dance a minuet wid Monsieur Franck, *et tachez de faire de votre mieux, sans cela.....vous me comprenez.*"

The sylph-like Victorine approached with fearful diffidence. Monsieur Dupré took the fiddle ; but—*horribile dictu*—the first grave obeisance I had to make turned out such a Feldberg bow, ac-

accompanied by such a genteel retrospective scrape of the left foot, that the whole corps *d'élèves de ballet*, with the exception of Victorine, set up a most unseemly and discouraging horse-laugh. I was done for, and begged to be excused proceeding.—“*Bah, bah, mon cher !*” replied most affectionately Monsieur Dupré; “*allez votre train—qui ne fait jamais mal ne fera jamais bien.*”

It was all in vain: my dancing propensities were at once neutralized—I was even unfit to take the fiddle again. The time of lesson fortunately being nearly over, the *réunion* was dismissed, except myself. Monsieur Dupré kindly represented the necessity of some preliminary private lessons; but regretted that his time was so occupied, that it would be next to impossible for him to accomplish this object. At last recollecting himself, he observed, that as I wrote a beautiful hand, if I could copy for him, *au net*, a collection of dances which he intended to publish, he might possibly find time to give me half an hour in the early part of the morning. In this manner I obtained his exclusive tuition for two or three weeks almost daily, which, assisted by my own exertions, an innate pride, and the encouragement from the lovely Victorine, soon rendered me competent to join triumphantly in the evolutions of those to whom I had but recently been an object of mer-
riment.

34.

WHO COULD HAVE THOUGHT IT ?

THUS I became one of the best dancers in the capital, without being conscious of my excellence ; for as yet, and for some time to come, no opportunity was afforded me of displaying it publicly.

This talent, as Mr. Bauer had well calculated, proved of infinite service in my musical studies ; I obtained insensibly correct notions of time, rhythm, symmetry, precision, expression : and I fully experienced the truth of Mr. Bauer's remarks, that taste and elegance acquired in one branch of the domain of the arts shed their genial influence over every other.

My improvement in music, and in the other branches of tuition, was visible and rapid. The dancing, however, at Monsieur Dupré's, was suddenly put a stop to ; Mrs. Bauer very prudently observing, that, as I had learnt there as much as I could ever want, and *more* probably than was necessary, my farther attendance among a parcel of giddy girls was quite improper. Where she got her information I could not guess ; but, open and sincere as she was in all her actions, she told Mr. Bauer, in my presence, that she knew I already entertained a very marked partiality for Victorine. "Am I right or not, Ferdinand ?"

I blushed. "There ! did I not tell you, Edward, that this would be the consequence ?"

Mr. Bauer. "Who could have thought it ?"

Mrs. Bauer (smiling.) "Thought it ! Why, every body but yourself : the lad is not made of stone or marble ; you have cast him in the midst of temptation, and now you are thunderstruck with astonishment : but Ferdinand has sense enough, I know, to give up all farther thoughts of such an acquaintance. There is abundance of time, my dear Ferdinand, to form attachments ; and when you do form one, it will not, I hope, be on a box-keeper's daughter that you will throw yourself away. Your heart, your talents, and—I will say it—your person, are worthy of much higher views. So let this have been a youthful frolic, and think no more of it."

I endeavoured to follow the well-meant counsel, but it was up-hill work ; our meetings were less frequent, but not discontinued.

35.

FIVE OF DIAMONDS.

ON returning one evening from the drawing-lesson, Bärbel, who had become a great friend of mine, announced the arrival of a letter. "Mistress has got it, and a good weight it is ; twenty-

four kreutzers for the postage!" I eagerly tore the cover, and recognised the hand-writing of my patron:—

My dear Ferdinand,

The landlord of the Three Kings at Walbach has been here to buy hay, and in selling him two loads, I accidentally heard of your encounter with the students at his house. Well done, my boy! your taking the Jew's part was honourable and manly in you; you could not know that the rascal, not two years ago, cheated me wofully with the pie-bald mare that now goes in the team. If he dares again set foot on my estate, may my name not be Wolditz, if he don't receive baptism in my horsepond. But no matter: you distinguished yourself nobly in a bad cause; you pommelled the book-worms lustily, I hear; and this display of your courage has given you new claims on my friendship. As a proof of my satisfaction, I send herewith one of my best swords, to serve you in case of need, as it served me in cutting my way through the enemy on the unfortunate day at Colin, where it received the notch it still retains. The inclosed trifle is for your pocket, to drink my health with. I have no doubt you are making great progress in music, and hope ere long to witness your improvement.

Baron Fritz sends his love. The rascal is as wild as ever, plays sad pranks, and quarrels with every body; but he will soon have need for his mettle. In a few days I shall lose the dear boy, perhaps for ever. I have at last got him a cornetcy in the Red Hussars, now in winter-quarters on the Maine; and next Saturday he sets out to join the depôt at K——. He takes my Rosbach sabre; so please God, the French may, before long, feel its tickle from the nephew, somewhat in the uncle's style.

I would say more, but my heart is heavy at the idea of losing the rebel. I wish you could supply his place for a while; but it must not be! so God's will be done. Old Wolditz will have courage enough to fight a host of blue devils single-handed.

Your uncle and aunt are both well, and desire their love to you.

Yours affectionately,

WOLDITZ.

P.S. Spitz, that faithful beast, died suddenly last Friday. The cold is making sad havoc among my kennel.

The enclosure was simply a *Five of Diamonds*, with a cross-cut in every pip large enough to hold between the slits a gold louis-d'or. Five louis-d'ors!! The thing looked vastly ornamental, pleasing, and consoling. I at once felt a Croesus in riches, but was lost in a sea of conflicting doubts as to the most fit appropriation of at least part of this treasure.

Mrs. Bauer in a moment put an end to all uncertainty: "Ferdinand," said she, "this will just do to metamorphose a Feldberg nondescript into the smartest and best-looking *beau* of the whole capital. You are miserably off for clothes—the very dogs in the streets are annoyed at your appearance. Leave the thing to me, and in two days you shall not know your own self again—a very Narcissus, an Adonis, an Antinous, an Apollo; ay, and better than all of them together, a good face, a good heart, and good sense. Come along this instant."

There was no resisting—indeed, no inclination to resist. In less than ten minutes' time we stood at the counter of Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, and saw him wield, with infinite glee, yard and

scissars over his very best piece of superfine blue Verriers. "Ten per cent. discount for ready money, ten per cent. more for my young friend, and five per cent. by way of compliment to this dear and good lady! I lose by it—no matter! I should be sorry to get a kreutzer by the hero of Walbach: but mum's the word; if you mention your bargain to a soul, I'm ruined."

36.

OUT OF TUNE.

UNDER the zealous and tasteful management of Mrs. Bauer, this total regeneration was the work of two days. Mr. Bauer himself was delighted with the transformation; and to afford me, as he said, an opportunity of exhibiting my person forthwith, sent me out a-tuning. "There is the hump-backed assessor Metzler's harpsichord—an excellent instrument, for it wants tuning every month: Parson Hammer's will also want it by this time: and here is a note from Baron Dohm, who is just come to town with his niece for the season; her grand piano must be tuned immediately—do your best, for she is one of my pupils, and a charming musician."

Vanity of my trappings, no doubt, and a curiosity to see, perhaps, this charming musician, his niece, induced me to give aristocratic preference

to the Baron's commands. I strutted consequentially through the most frequented streets ; when, lo ! on turning a corner, whom should I pop on but little Victorine ? She stood, she spoke, she sighed ; she thought I must be offended at something. The wound, nearly cicatrized, reopened at once a wide portal to a host of exiled infant Cupids, who took repossession without chance of ejection. New promises and protestations—every thing on the old footing—appointment for to-morrow—pressure of hands—affectionate separation ;—all the good Mrs. Bauer's work torn up by the root !

My farther course to the grand piano was not quite so sprightly and confident as its beginning had been. I reached the house in thought, with any thing but a tuneful ear ; the Baron out on his morning ride—his niece engaged with a friend,—I might begin until she could speak to me. Sad work I made of it,—not a pure unison—not a decent fifth ;—the stubborn wires vibrated in jarring beats. At last I heard the approach of female steps,—the door opened.

Heavens ! it was Amelia Waldheim ! Crash flew the wire, and my nerves were ready to follow the example.

37.

PLAY FOR LOVE.

“Is it possible? or do my eyes deceive me?” exclaimed Amelia, in a tone of intense surprise, as she entered the room. “Surely it is Mr. Franck, my Feldberg friend! And to what strange combinations of fate am I indebted for this unexpected meeting?”

“To a brass wire or two out of tune I owe the happiness of seeing once more Miss Waldheim, whose image, whose voice, whose kindness, have filled my thoughts ever since the memorable evening at the house of Baron Wolditz, my friend and patron. Placed by his paternal goodness under the care of Mr. Bauer, it was by desire of the latter that I came to tune this instrument without knowing its owner.”

“How droll! and a scholar of Mr. Bauer’s too! We are fellow-pupils, then, of the good man; and do you know, Mr. Franck, he is vastly proud of me.”

“Who would not be proud of such a pupil?”

“Oh! I can tell you of one directly. There is old Professor Rophelius, who, by the particular wish of my uncle, was to teach me algebra. Poor soul! he took infinite pains to beat his pluses and minuses into my dull brain, and to give me a

taste of involution and evolution, solution and resolution ; but I made a sorry hand of it. I plagued him sadly, to sicken him of his ungrateful task. When he maintained that two negative quantities multiplied together yielded an affirmative product, I said it was no such thing, for two fibs, multiplied a thousand times, would never make a true story.—All would not do ! Professor Rophelius had the patience of an angel. At last I hit upon the thing. When he went on stating his equations and casting his quantities, I began casting a tender and languishing look at his red nose ; I sighed, I palpitated, until old Rophy became horror-struck at the idea of having, for the first time, conquered somewhat else than algebraical problems, packed up his x's and y's, and left me master of the field."

"The expedient, you will allow, Miss Waldheim, was both cruel and hazardous. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would have fallen willing victims—I, for one."

"A skilful physician, Mr. Franck, adapts his remedies to the age and constitution of his patient. We don't give bark and constantia in a brain-fever. Besides, in the case of the algebraical professor Rophelius, love was resorted to as a repellent."

"A repellent ! Miss Waldheim. The most

noble of human affections, the very essence of which is attraction, used as a repellent?"

"Oh, but it has its negative as well as its positive poles—you'll find that by and by, Mr. Franck."

"Never, never, Miss Waldheim; may that moment....."

"Don't swear, whatever you do. I am a bit of a mathematician, as I told you—always ready with proof. You know well enough, by this time, old Bärbel, Mr. Bauer's faithful domestic. Suppose, what Heaven forbid! the veteran beauty, smitten with 'the noblest of all human affections,' pining for the youthful heart of Mr. Franck, declaring her flame by looks as languishing as *le physique* of her reduced optical apparatus would admit of. Methinks I hear the aforesaid Mr. Franck, horror-struck, ejaculate, 'Avaunt, thou tempter!' &c. &c. *Quod erat demonstrandum*, as Professor Rophelius used to say when he had finished his problems."

"But suppose, Miss Waldheim....."

"We'll suppose another time, Mr. Franck. I have a morning call or two to make, and am all this while interrupting your tuning. You'll oblige me by doing your best to finish the instrument. I shall soon be back, for I wish much to try two or three things which I am shortly to

sing in company. To-morrow week, you must know, is my birthday, and my uncle gives a little *fête*, partly musical, on the occasion. It is to be at Monplaisir, and we shall feel great pleasure if you will be of the party. So mind, don't engage yourself, Mr. Franck : *à revoir!*"

What a change in my whole being one short hour was capable of producing ! The agitation, the conflict, the chaos of sensations in which Amelia left me, would afford ample matter for a sentimentally descriptive chapter in a novel ; and there can be no question that, even in the more solid department of biography, the present would be a legitimate opportunity for a considerable extent of fine writing, but for the regard which I conscientiously entertain for the time of my readers. What I might say has, to my knowledge, been repeatedly and most satisfactorily exhibited in letter-press : nay, many of my readers, I am sure, have experienced feelings quite similar upon similar occasions ; and those that have not, I am perfectly certain, can pretty well imagine the sensations I experienced.

Suffice it therefore to say, in one word, what I felt was *love* ; love intense, love in a state of the highest condensation and compression, such as I had been a stranger to before. How pure, how vivid, and ethereal, appeared the flame which Amelia, as with the heavenly torch of Prometheus,

had kindled in my bosom, when compared with the dim and evanescent glimmer of Victorine's image; and, above all, with the gross and murky halo through which I now saw the chubby full-moon face of Mary Dickel of Feldberg memory!

What a gradation! what a contrast! Amelia—how intellectual, how spirituous, how supremely cultivated! and how kind, how affable, to one she had seen but once before! whispered self-conceit.—Her discernment, no doubt, found something interesting, something congenial. Mr. Benzheimer's superfine blue Verviers was, indeed, reflected satisfactorily from the lofty French mirror over the marble *console*; but what are fine draperies in the eyes of the highly-gifted Amelia? The mind, the intellectual endowments, perhaps too the sparkling looks, the beaming countenance—those heralds of mental perfection,—these, all these may have pleaded my cause with the lovely Amelia.

The foregoing, and other most comforting and encouraging reflections, were the work of a moment; for I recollected my charmer's parting request—to finish her piano without loss of time. Love is harmony; my whole frame vibrated harmoniously, and the wires kindly vibrated in concert. Never was an instrument attuned more rapidly, more truly: no wolf, no jarring; every trial proved correct; prelude crowded upon pre-

lude ; tender and soothing melodies alternated with the skilful modulations and genial fantasies of the enraptured lover.

“Bravo ! bravissimo !” exclaimed a voice behind me, accompanied by a gentle tap on the shoulder ; when, on turning round, I beheld an elderly gentleman, of dignified aspect, in a damask morning-gown ; his scanty hair well powdered ; embroidered waistcoat, silk stockings, black cordovan shoes, with moderate-sized gold buckles. I immediately recognized the features of Amelia’s uncle, Baron Dohm ; he seemed willing to recollect mine ; a few questions, addressed to me with a certain degree of aristocratic condescension, elicited the requisite information as to my errand, my patron, calling, and instructor.—The Baron congratulated me on my good fortune in having such a man as Mr. Bauer for a master, and was pleased to remark, that, from what he had heard just now, I was not only likely to do honour to his tuition, but in a fair way of making my fortune. “Our most gracious sovereign,” he continued, “is enthusiastically fond of music ; and as this passion is, amidst numberless redeeming virtues, the only foible with which his bitterest enemies can tax the best of monarchs, his loyal subjects not only look on it with indulgence, but, in a great measure, follow the example set to them. We have men high in office who devote a portion of their time to

musical practice ; it is quite common here for clerks in the public departments to sing duets, trios, and finales, while writing public dispatches and accounts at their desks ; and but lately a lucrative appointment was bestowed upon a foreigner for no other reason than because he was a most skilful amateur on the kettledrum ; which instrument had previously been but indifferently filled at our grand opera.—Music and the drama, Mr. Franck, are every thing here at this moment ; and I verily believe we are all of us more or less carried away by the fashion of the day. A-propos, my young friend, are you in the habit of playing from a score ?”

“ It forms a principal branch of Mr. Bauer’s instruction, and I have devoted to it much attention and practice.”

The Baron here stepped out ; and instantly returning with a thick roll of music, placed it before me, to know, as he expressed himself, my *savoir faire*.

“ Surely,” said I, “ this is Mr. Bauer’s handwriting.”

“ Never mind, let us hear.....”

“ Bravo ! charming, my young Orpheus ! You are the man we want. But first of all I must depend upon your secresy. I am glad to find Mr. Bauer has attended to my injunctions. This little trifle, you must know, Mr. Franck, is a mythological ballet of my invention, with which I mean to

surprise my niece on her birthday next Tuesday week. Mr. Bauer has set it to music, and, as you may suppose, was to preside at the piano ; but this morning only he has informed me, that for that very day a grand rehearsal of the new opera has been announced, at which his attendance is indispensable. The birthday, of course, cannot be put off ; and to put off a grand rehearsal in this musical capital is not a trifle, I can assure you, although we shall try hard for it. To be prepared for the worst, however, I would have you run over the music and give it a little practice ; it shall be sent to you, together with the book. You'll therefore consider yourself engaged by me for Tuesday week, to lend a hand at my musical *fête* at Monplaisir. In any case your services will be useful, and you will have an opportunity of making yourself a little known before some of the best families in the capital, besides being a *louis* the richer for it."

" I feel deeply your Excellency's kindness ; but my services, allow me to observe, must be without any other remuneration than the honour of their being deemed deserving of your Excellency's notice."

" No, no, Mr. Franck ; on such conditions we should be obliged to dispense with your assistance. You are not an amateur ; and you will meet many of your profession, and some of the first eminence,

whose talents are engaged upon terms of remuneration : but we shall talk about this another time. All I have to request is, the strictest secrecy ; not a word to a living soul : for, between us, I have an additional and important aim in view. The ballet is quite allegorical, and its object is to convey a delicate hint to my niece to hasten her marriage."

This sound acted as a crash of thunder in my ears. I believe I just reechoed, wonderstruck, "Marriage ! Miss Waldheim ?"

"I am surprised you have not heard of it ; for the match has been the talk of the capital this twelve-month past, and it is high time it should be realized. Major von Dornhoff's patience is really quite exemplary, considering his lofty spirit, his fortune, and his family—one of the most ancient among the higher nobility of the country. One of his ancestors fought in the Crusades ; his ashes repose in the island of Cyprus."

"Perhaps Miss Waldheim feels no particular inclination....."

"On the contrary, my niece likes the Major well enough : but the girl is an oddity ; she has the most singular notions about....."

At this word Amelia's carriage was heard below : the Baron snatched up his manuscript, once more enjoined strict secrecy, and hastily withdrew.

A servant appeared soon afterwards, to request

that I would tarry a few minutes, as Miss Waldheim had a friend below, whom she had found waiting for her.

38.

LOVE ON HORSEBACK.

I TRIED in vain to beguile the time at the piano: every idea was sombre, disjointed, flat, and meagre; the fingers wandered about mechanically—the heart had no share in their motion. How distasteful, how sickening, is music to a mind ill at ease! “A rival!” said I to myself, “a favoured rival—a rival whose ancestor fought in the Crusades! Ah! poor Ferdinand, thy case is desperate indeed—thy lot miserable. Fly, fly these hateful walls, ere thou behold her once more.” At these words I seized my hat; but I felt as if spell-bound. The rosy goddess, Hope, breathed her sweet harmonious whispers: ‘A twelvemonth’s courtship!’—‘the girl is an oddity’—‘has the most singular notions.’ The thing is clear—clear as broad day; Amelia hates the Major—a feeling of obedience towards her uncle—unhappy for the rest of her days—sacrificed to family pride!—Thou, Ferdinand, art the Guardian Angel sent for her deliverance—elope—distant climes—cottage—bread and the pure element, seasoned with mutual love;—Letter.....

ay, a letter declaring my passion, and offering my immediate aid in her rescue.

Pen and paper, as if providentially sent, being on a side-table, I began the momentous dispatch—with a large ugly blot, besides minor opaque satellites—bad omen—fresh sheet.

“My dear Miss Waldheim.”

Farther this deponent said not. All mental emissions seemed hermetically sealed; not a rational idea for a beginning! And how indite a letter without a beginning?

“Pardon the boldness of one.....” Here the bell rang below, a pair of boots and clattering spurs were heard cavalrily stalking out of the house: my “unpardonable boldness” had scarcely time to slink to the pocket of its owner, before Amelia opened the door.

“Excuse my making you wait, Mr. Franck, but I had a beau of mine to receive—Major Dornhoff, whose attentions are too marked and constant to be treated with neglect. He pays his respects daily and most chronometrically, just an hour before parade: but to-day he was behind his time, owing to an illness in his family; his Camilla has passed a very restless night; ‘much fever—not eaten a morsel these four-and-twenty hours—the groom obliged to sit up with her all night: and, though somewhat composed this morning, the farrier still

considers her in danger.'—Poor beast ! don't you sympathize, Mr. Franck ?”

“ I envy the man whose very charger can awaken the sympathies of Miss Waldheim.”

“ No more than natural, Mr. Franck, as in duty bound : for the Major, as the world will have it, is my intended.”

“ Heaven forbid !”

“ Forbid, Mr. Franck ? and what can be *your* objections ?”

“ Because the union must render Miss Waldheim unhappy for the rest of her days. Affection, I should apprehend, can have no share in it.”

“ Whatever foibles Major Dornhoff may possess, I assure you, Mr. Franck, he is a very good sort of a man ; quite likely to make a woman comfortable in his way.”

“ If he treats her but half as well as his horses. But when there's no love, Miss Waldheim.....”

“ Well, and what then ? I don't see why a woman should be over head and ears in love with a man before she marries him. This love, to be sure, must be a strange thing ; something like the gout, I suppose,—nobody can fancy what it is till he has felt it : I wonder if ever I shall have a touch of the complaint. Just for a day or two, by way of knowing a little about it, I should not care.”

“Miss Waldheim, then, has never experienced what it is?”

“Not that I know of: you, no doubt, have felt it, Mr. Franck?”

“And feel it deeply, intensely, Miss Waldheim, at this moment, when the heavenly object of my pure, of my.....”

Amelia (shutting my lips with her hand, which I kissed fervently). “Not another word, Mr. Franck! We are growing too serious by half. Come, we were to try some songs against the *fête*. Here’s one to begin with: Mozart’s divine air, *Porgi Amore*—a favourite of my uncle’s. That’s the *tempo*, exactly!”

Every note of *Amelia*’s beautiful voice was a killing dart, in my situation. Totally absorbed, I am unconscious what or how I played. Wretchedly, no doubt; for she stopped short in the midst of the air, and, after a minute’s pause, burst out laughing:—“So, Mr. Franck, you want me to sing *Porgi Amore* to the tune of *Ah Perdon!* for, without once looking at the notes, you have most skilfully contrived to slip from one air into the other.”

“Pardon me, Miss Waldheim: my feelings were but little calculated for the task when I began; and the air, and the intense expression which you infused into every word and note, com-

pleted the work of destruction—unnerved, overwhelmed me.”

“The noble creature *Man*, the Lord of the Creation, unnerved by Woman, a second edition of himself? overwhelmed by a mere song?”

“By sounds of heavenly sweetness, uttered with an emotion which—I cannot suppress the thought, Miss Waldheim—deeply shook my faith in your previous declaration. What! a stranger to love, and yet depict it with a feeling so true, so intense? Ah no, Miss Waldheim! your heart feels it but too well; feels—for another more happy than.....”

“As if the chubby well-fed friar could not preach an excellent sermon against good living. All matter of imitation—study and task-work. But since you doubt my sincerity, Mr. Franck, it were better we end a discussion which I fear has been already carried too far. Allow me to withdraw.”

“Stay, for Heaven’s sake, Miss Waldheim! grant me but another moment, to save me from despondency. The rash avowal of a passion I cannot control has justly drawn upon me your displeasure. Your forgiveness is all I ask. Your anger would for ever seal my wretched doom.”

“Anger, Mr. Franck! how can you think of such a thing? I do not see why a woman should be offended with a man for loving her. The ut-

most she is warranted in doing, would be to decline the offer courteously, without being obliged to state why and wherefore. But even upon this point you have had all the information I can give."

"You are right, Miss Waldheim; a happier rival....."

"You are wrong, Mr. Franck; there is no rival in the case."

"Major Dornhoff?"

"The poor Major seems to haunt you as much as he does me. His courtship is persevering, it is true; and sanctioned, moreover, by my uncle. But to give you another proof of the sincerity you so much doubt, I frankly tell you my heart is free—free as the air which I breathe."

"These balmy words, Miss Waldheim, restore me to life. A fresh ray of hope gladdens my heart. But yet Major Dornhoff's assiduities—"

"Are tolerated, not encouraged. Not that he might not, for aught I know, make a very passable husband. He is a man of correct principles, and generally esteemed; but he loves himself, and, next to himself, his cattle, too dearly to have much affection to spare for a wife. He was to have come to take my uncle and me to town in his equipage; but when the time drew near, his whole equine establishment was pronounced unfit to venture, without imminent risk, on a journey

of a few German miles. Not to speak of poor Camilla, the valetudinarian, Vesta had sore eyes and Lucretia a running of the nose, which rendered it impossible for the dear creatures to encounter the bleak easterly winds."

"Monstrous ! unpardonable ! Ah, Miss Waldheim ! how I should have flown to the delightful task ! My life, my last breath, I am ready to resign for your sake."

"That would be a sad thing too, on both sides, I should imagine ; but jesting aside, Mr. Franck, you must think of some other choice. In the first place, I feel no inclination whatsoever to submit to the bonds of Hymen. My heart is free, as I have told you already, and free it shall remain, at least as long as I can help it : but what is more, void as I myself may feel, and certainly do feel, of any thing bordering upon aristocratic notions, my uncle's ideas are quite the reverse ; to none but a union with a noble family will his consent ever be obtained ; and he is too good an uncle—he has too scrupulously discharged a father's duty—not to render it mine to comply with his wishes in that respect. Let me, therefore, beg it as a favour"

At these words, the arrival of two female friends was announced. I took my leave reluctantly ; for I would fain have asked one more question, fain have prolonged the interview for

ever. As I withdrew, Amelia in a playful way tapped my shoulder, and said, "Now mind you behave well, Mr. Franck, and do not pine like a woe-begone knight-errant. We remain friends, I hope: why should there not be friendship between the two sexes, without rings and banns?"

On crossing the hall, a servant handed me a sealed parcel containing the score of the ballet; which, however, remained but a short time in my possession, as, through Baron Dohm's influence, the day for the opera rehearsal was changed, and the impediment to Mr. Bauer's attending at Monplaisir removed.

39.

A SPOONFUL OF MUSIC.

BETTER late than never," Monsieur Ferdinand, said old Bärbel, as I met her descending Mr. Bauer's stairs with an armful of discarded plates and dishes; "master and mistress have done dinner: they waited a precious while; but I have kept every thing nice and hot for you, Monsieur Ferdinand, that I have."

I accounted and apologised to Mr. and Mrs. Bauer as well as I could for my late return; but there was too much confusion and abstraction in my expressions and manner not to attract the penetrating notice of the latter. "What! five

hours over one instrument, Ferdinand?" (shaking her head) "I hope you'll not have to get your bread by tuning."

"And why not five hours, my dear?" asked the good Mr. Bauer, while handing me a plate of soup: "when the instrument has been standing for months in a room without a fire, half a dozen wires minus, perhaps, and not a note in tune; wretched enough, I dare say!"

"It is very good."

"Oh! you finished the business? that's right, Ferdinand; never leave a thing when you have once begun it. Did you see Miss Waldheim? Did she play on it? Was she satisfied?"

"No; oh! yes, yes; I can hardly tell."

"Nor anybody else, I vouch, from *your* information. Well, what do you think of Miss Waldheim's playing? How do you like it?"

"It is excellent! I'll take another spoonful!" Here Mrs. Bauer, bursting out in a loud laugh, exclaimed, "A spoonful of music? excellent! capital! What ails the lad? His senses are abroad."

Mr. Bauer, never missing an opportunity for mirth, also laughed immoderately at the idea of a spoonful of music, wittily adding, "The expression, my dear, is not so preposterous as you imagine; on the contrary, it is literally applicable to one or two of our vocal luminaries, who mouth and chew their words and sounds as if they had to swal-

low them by spoonfuls, or were uttering them through a medium of hasty-pudding. Although Mrs. Bauer, as in duty bound, had a laugh for this good thing of her spouse's, she could not help observing, that my eating was mere pantomime, quite nominal; and she felt sure that something was the matter with me. "Has any thing happened, Ferdinand? Have you been any where else?"

"Nowhere but at Baron Dohm's, from the time I left home until my return."

Mr. Bauer, who, among the various attentions which his comfortable philosophy devoted to his dear self, deemed a nap after dinner highly conducive to the action of digestion, had already proclaimed the partial presence of the popped divinity, by a few *sotto voce* nasal intonations. But as yet he remained in that neutral state of limbo, in which external impressions are still allowed entrance, and the gradual importunities of the intruder may be temporarily stayed by divers bodily efforts, such as a goggling stare of the eyes, a shake of the head, a twitch, &c.

Taking, therefore, a very ample pinch of snuff out of the salt-cellar, he just observed to Mrs. B. that he was sure there was nothing the matter with me but fatigue. "'Tis no trifle, my dear, to bend your body four or five hours over a piano, handling cankerous brass wires, and being stunned with an unceasing ding-dong, till you are no longer capable

of distinguishing a unison, much less a fifth or a third, and your head—your head.....that's a...l...l”

“That's *not* all!” reechoed the sagacious Mrs. Bauer, with a much more significant nod of the head than that of her good husband on finally closing the shutters of his visual apparatus, and dropping into a placid state of countenance, from which it was to be inferred that fantastical internal workings of pleasing import had already commenced.

“That's *not* all,” said Mrs. Bauer: “you *have* eaten nothing, Ferdinand, you sigh; your mind is wandering; you are ill at ease. These blushes, the lovely heralds of conflict between error and innocence, betray you, Ferdinand. You have seen Victòrine!”

“*Seen!* yes, by mere accident, in the street, on going to Miss.....to Baron Dohm's.”

“You did not speak to her?”

“But a few words. The meeting was accidental; it would scarcely have been decorous to turn away from her. But believe me, Mrs. Bauer, your apprehensions are perfectly groundless: your former caution has had its due effect; I feel its truth in full force. How ridiculous should I have appeared in the eyes of the world, in my own estimation, if this transient acquaintance with a forward, pert little figurante, had led to a more serious attachment! I have done with her, Mrs. Bauer; and

beg you will not put me in mind of a folly I was on the brink of committing."

"Done with her? a pert little figurante! Ferdinand, what means all this? We have all at once modulated into a new key." Here Mrs. Bauer's countenance betrayed the workings of the keenest mental combinations. For one moment, her black penetrating eyes shed a luminous beam, while her half-open lips and raised dark brows betokened astonishment. "No," said she, shaking her head, "he would never have such presumption; besides, the attempt would be hopeless; her heart has been pledged these....."

"Her heart, Mrs. Bauer, is free—free as the air she breathes! These were her own words."

"Whose heart, pray? whose words?"

"The words of an angel in female guise—the words of Miss Waldheim."

"What! Ferdinand: and these balmy, these comfortable words—pray when were they heard to proceed from her angelic lips?"

"They were addressed to me by Miss Waldheim herself, not half an hour ago."

"Bravo! bravissimo!!" vociferated Mrs. Bauer, amidst loud bursts of laughter. The words *bravo! bravissimo!!* so vigorously intonated, reached the portals of Mr. Bauer's mental perceptibilities, which, although the outward man slept, were probably tracing to his happy fancy, in illusive

imagery, the first performance of his new opera—the overture, no doubt: or perhaps, according to the doctrine of some later psychologists, the calls of *bravo! bravissimo!!* so cheering at all times to compositorial ears, on striking the sensorium of Mr. Bauer, plunged by sleep into a complete *tacet*, engendered, with the rapidity of an electric spark, the dream most befitting the outward influential cause; acting as a sort of accompaniment thereto, in the same manner as odours, long missed, will swiftly carry us to scenes quite forgotten to which they had been a party.

But leaving these speculations to metaphysicians more skilled in dreams, the simple fact was, that no sooner had the *bravo! bravissimo!!* greeted the susceptible kettledrums of Mr. Bauer's auricular apparatus, and assured him of the enthusiastic applause lavished on the overture he was directing in his dream, than he rose, as in duty bound, from his elbow-chair, and, with a modest smile, hands gracefully clasped towards his shirt frill, but eyes still closed, made three respectfully-profound obeisances in diverging angles; one O. P., the other P. S., and the third and last towards the supposed pit of critics. Whether Finette, who lay peaceably reposing on a chair close by, thought she was made game of, or took the profound inclinations as an invitation to join in a little sport with her best friend in the house, is immaterial; she rose on

her hind-legs, and, with feline celerity, applied her fanged plectrum of claws to recall her master from his balmy imaginings to the realms of the material world.

With her husband's contribution to the stock of merriment, Mrs. Bauer, naturally jocund, had wherewith to enjoy a full display of her risible powers at our conjoint expense; and it was some time before she felt capable of answering the reiterated questions of her spouse.

"The matter, my dear!" she exclaimed at last in broken accents: "oh, nothing very particular; only a young fiddler-apprentice in love with the niece of His Excellency Baron von Dohm.

"What! Miss Waldheim? you don't say so: to be sure she has always idolized music: the best pupil I ever had, not including Ferdinand in the number."

"Oh, then it would be a thousand pities not to unite for ever two such promising scholars. What a progeny of musical genius we shall set our eyes upon! Methinks I hear the pretty little dears sol-faing in the cradle, *Do re mi fa*."

"What are you talking about, my dear? you do not mean surely——What——Fer....."

"Who else but Ferdinand Franck, the subduer, the King of Hearts, the Don Giovanni of the Capital, the irresistible paragon of beauty and loveliness!"

“ Poor fellow ! he does not know that Miss Waldheim is pledged to Major von Dornhoff.”

“ Miss Waldheim,” exclaimed Mrs. Bauer, “ is as free as the air she breathes : she told him so not half an hour ago.”

“ Told whom ?”

“ Ferdinand, the irresistible, to be sure ; what woman can help yielding to these languishing—these bewitching looks ?”

“ And has Miss Waldheim really given you any hopes, Ferdinand ?”

“ Not exactly hopes : yet, as I have it from her own lips that she is still unfettered in her choice ; as she seemed any thing but offended at my avowal,—if it were not for the serious impediment on the part of her uncle, which Miss Waldheim mentioned.....”

Mrs. Bauer. “ Oh ! she mentioned that sad circumstance herself, did she ? Better and better ! in terms of agonizing despair, no doubt, poor thing ! Is there no way of getting over such a trifle ?”

At that moment Bärbel entered with a note. “ It is for you, Ferdinand,” said Mr. Bauer, to whom she handed it ; “ and the direction in Baron Dohm’s hand-writing. What can this mean ?”

“ To forbid him the house, to be sure,” exclaimed Mrs. Bauer, singing *Non più andrai farfallone amoroso*. “ You are agitated, Ferdinand,” said the kind Mr. Bauer, pressing my hand ; “ shall I read

it? ‘Baron Dohm presents his compliments to Mr. Franck, and requests the favour’.....Hurrah, Ferdinand! cheer up, my boy!.....‘the favour of his company’.....that’s *your* company.....‘at a rural fête at Monplaisir, on Tuesday the 17th instant.’——*Victoria! victoria!!*” vociferated Mr. Bauer in ecstasy, dancing round the room in antic steps. “She is yours; *hai vinto la causa!* you have conquered, you rogue in grain, like Julius Cæsar: *veni, vidi, vici.* These, these are the powerful—the irresistible effects of our divine art! Thou art a favourite of the omnipotent goddess, Ferdinand. Go on sacrificing at her hallowed shrine; it is the sure path to fortune, and, what is more, to immortal fame.”

Mrs. Bauer. “There will be an end of sacrifices, if he marries Miss Waldheim.”

Mr. Bauer. “How so, my good Fanny? Have I forsaken the art since our happy union? Have my productions been less numerous, less genial?”

Mrs. Bauer. “We’ll talk of them another time, my good Bauer. I am contented; and that’s enough for us both. Had Heaven blessed us with a family, we might have been less happy, and your musical productions less numerous and genial, I’m sure. But be this as it may, a union between Ferdinand and Miss Waldheim, the heiress of Baron Dohm’s vast fortune, will put an end to music in a very short time. Genius, like the

fragrant and balmy Alpine plant, thrives but ill in a pampered soil."

Mrs. Bauer's prognostic had a sensible effect upon her husband. He felt its force, and appeared for some moments cast down by the dilemma which stared him in the face. But the good man belonged to that rare and enviable class of mortals, who wish to feel happy under any circumstances; and, so wishing, are seldom at a loss to base their felicity upon arguments proffered to them by an accommodating system of reasoning. "Your remark, my dear girl," he said, "like most of the reasoning of your sex—excuse my candour—has considerable plausibility on the surface, but is fallacious at bottom. The precious and rare plant of Genius, I agree with you, is seldom brought forth in a rich and luxuriant soil; and if our Ferdinand be fortunate enough to belong to that enviable class, his humble origin and history, to the present time, sufficiently attest the truth of the observation. *He*, surely, has not been brought forth and reared in the lap of plenty. But you seem to forget, my excellent girl, that the tree *is* reared, and advancing towards healthy maturity. The question, therefore, appears to be, whether its farther growth would be more luxuriant, its fruit more abundant and luscious, if left in its native arid and barren waste, than if transferred to a more genial and nourishing soil? This

is the way of putting the question, my dear ; and I'm sure it carries its own answer, and its application too. Ferdinand is about to step into a princely fortune....."

Mrs. Bauer. " Oh, that's a settled matter ? well then, step away, Ferdinand ; just raise one leg, take care you don't slip."

Self. " Would it were so certain as Mr. Bauer's kindness imagines it to be !"

Mr. Bauer. " I entertain but little doubt on the subject. At all events, I put the case for argument's sake ; and such is my firm belief in your enthusiasm for the art, Ferdinand, that I feel confident the possession of affluence, and of a girl so highly gifted and so passionately devoted to the same pursuit, instead of paralyzing your exertions, will only act as a spur to more strenuous and noble efforts. Labouring for fame, and not for bread, your works may be few ; but they will be the more classic—more certain to hand down your name to posterity."

Mr. Bauer, in proceeding with the thread of his discourse, illustrated his position by referring to a variety of poets, painters, sculptors, and even composers, who, amidst the smiles of fortune, and surrounded by affluence, had produced masterpieces in their line ; and the dissertation on so favourite a topic might have extended to an inconvenient length, had not the clock announced

the hour at which he never failed to present himself at the *Café des Beaux Esprits*, not only to join certain friends, as regular as himself, at billiards—a game in which he delighted and excelled, but also to hear, no less than to impart, any news which the annals of the capital might have furnished during the last four and twenty hours. Communicative as he was in his disposition, Mrs. Bauer very prudently enjoined silence on the subject which had engaged our afternoon's discussion.

40.

MONANDRIA AND CRYPTOGRAMICS.

THE happy spouse had no sooner left the room, than Mrs. Bauer seriously entered upon the topic of my unforeseen and “unfortunate” attachment. There was something so kindly persuasive in her address to me, and the motive of her interference was so truly friendly, that she gradually succeeded in learning the most minute particulars of the morning's interview with Amelia. Mrs. Bauer was pleased on finding matters less advanced and promising on the side of Miss Waldheim than what she had at first been led to surmise; although she blamed her conduct, for entering into any explanation at all with me, under circumstances which excluded the slightest ray of hope, both on the side of the uncle and Amelia herself, as she

had distinctly declared that she felt no partiality for me or any one else.

“And there,” added Mrs. Bauer, “she has told you the plain truth. She has had several very assiduous admirers belonging to our first families; and after amusing them, or rather diverting herself with them, for a while, they had, each in his turn, notice to quit. The Major has persevered the longest, and the encouragement she has given him warranted a belief that his suit would terminate successfully, although I knew her too well not to have my doubts; and from your information, these doubts, then, are fully confirmed.—I have the highest opinion of Miss Waldheim’s mental qualifications and accomplishments. They are of a superior order—for her, perhaps, unfortunately so: she is more head than heart. Without meaning to offend you, Ferdinand, I look upon her to be unsusceptible of true feeling, and incapable of love.”

“You would think otherwise, had you heard her sing *Porgi Amore* this morning.”

“Mere imitation, mimicry—mere head-work. She is too clever and acute, not to portray to the life what she has observed in others: she excels in whatever she undertakes. To her force in music you are no stranger. In painting she is nearly as skilful; and she is not particularly nice in the choice of her subjects. At our last exhibition she

had a Venus rising from the bosom of the waves, done in oil; and a sketch in bistre for a future painting, representing Perseus liberating Andromeda from the grasp of the Sea-monster. This latter was admired by all the gentlemen-connoisseurs."

"No wonder her divine mind grasps equally all the fine arts!"

"Oh! but the sciences too, and the dead languages; Miss Waldheim prides herself on her Latin! Perhaps you don't know that she is an adept in chemistry. There's her laboratory at Baron Dohm's, which is a perfect nuisance to the neighbours; and proved particularly so last autumn, when she gave a course of lectures to some ten or a dozen female friends, most of whom, however, were soon put to flight by the smell of the gaseous and other experimental preparations. One had her eyelashes and eyebrows singed by an explosion of inflammable air; and the few who stayed were known all the rest of the days of lecture by the atmosphere which accompanied them. One actually lost by it a handsome young man who had paid his addresses in good earnest, but whose delicate olfactory nerves took umbrage at the unsavoury chemical effluvia."

"You colour strongly, Mrs. Bauer. But your account of Amelia's indefatigable mental pursuits

only increases my veneration. The more the better. Music, painting, chemistry."

"Add botany, if you please. Two years ago botany was the rage; and day after day, rain or sunshine, Miss Waldheim was seen, like a wood-nymph, roaming over hill and dale by the side of young Count Hademar, the favourite of the day, collecting simples and"

"Not by themselves?"

"No; they had mostly a donkey, I believe, to carry the bundles of monandrias and cryptogamics, as she called them when exhibiting her herbarium.—You appear staggered, alarmed, Ferdinand. Fear nought: that too was all head-work—on her part, at least, I will answer for it; her heart had no interest in these rustic rambles."

"But Baron Dohm, surely—the opinion of the world....."

"For the latter, my good Ferdinand, Miss Waldheim cares not a straw; and as for Baron Dohm, she may do just what she pleases, except marrying a plebeian: his strict aristocratic ideas alone would be quite sufficient to render him inflexible on this point, without the melancholy fate of Miss Waldheim's own parents, which I am sure will ever act as a warning to the uncle. It is a sad story, told in a few words:—The young Baroness Dohm, of more inflammable organization,

no doubt, than Miss Waldheim, had the misfortune to be captivated at a ball by the graceful figure and address of a young officer of dragoons : an intimacy ensued ; proposals were made to the parents, but spurned with disdain, because Lieutenant Waldheim, although of respectable parents, was not of noble birth. The family possessed influence enough to transfer poor Waldheim soon afterwards to another regiment on the frontiers ; and the old Baroness was not idle in looking out for a more eligible son-in-law. It was not long before a noble swain presented himself. The intreaties, prayers, and tears of the intended victim were unavailing ; the day of her nuptials was announced to her, when she declared herself to be the wife of Waldheim. You may conceive the stupefaction, the rage of the family ! The chaplain, Waldheim's friend, who had united them, fled in time : the poor husband was arraigned before a court-martial, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, if I am not mistaken ; and the young Baroness, although in an advanced state of pregnancy, was hurried from the capital to the solitary cottage of a ranger in the Spessart Forest. There she gave birth to Amelia, and fell a victim to grief and despair ; and poor Waldheim, on hearing the sad tidings, threw himself headlong from the top of his prison. Remorse now visited the parents ; the infant was nursed as a precious

treasure, in atonement for the persecution of the authors of its life. The old Baron died a few years afterwards, and was soon followed by his wife. Their vast property descended to their only son, the Baron Dohm you have seen, who, childless himself, took his niece under his protection, educated her, and spared no expense or care to render her one of the most accomplished females in the country. Amelia is his idol, and will inherit all he possesses, provided, as I have already mentioned, she marries a noble; the selection of whom, however, the uncle entirely leaves to her own choice. And I ought to add, for your information, Ferdinand, that such is her attachment and veneration for Baron Dohm, and such the sincerity of her character, that I am convinced she would rather remain single, than imitate the example of her mother, or unite herself to any man not approved of by her second father."

"She has told me as much herself."

"Why, then, Ferdinand, indulge in chimerical hopes which can only lead to disappointment and to the destruction of all your future prospects; and the pursuit of which, if successful, must entail misery on the object of your affections?"

"Not if I obtain the uncle's consent. This note encourages a hope that he may not prove inexorable in a matter which so nearly concerns the happiness of his niece."

“ Who, you should add, told you in plain terms that she felt no sort of relish for the felicity you intend for her.”

Mrs. Bauer in vain exerted her eloquence for some time longer, to dissuade me from any farther connexion with Amelia; and when she found all her oratorical efforts unavailing, she left the room, observing, that, in my present state of mental illusion and infatuation, I was totally unfit to listen to sober reasoning, and that she would therefore await a more propitious opportunity to save me, if possible, from the abyss of wretchedness into which I seemed determined to plunge headlong.

41.

LESSONS AND INEXPRESSIBLES.

THE God of Love is frequently represented as bereft of vision; surely he must be as deaf as he is blind. In fact, love is a state of mental derangement—a brain-fever, a phrenzy, paralysis of the functions of our senses, and a suspension of the healthy operations of our understanding; and it is perhaps only owing to the universality of the disease, and a consequent fellow-feeling, that its victims escape the straight jacket and incarceration. When the paroxysm is passed, we often look back blushing and with astonishment upon the period of our mental aberration; and the only

Great stress has been laid upon the indispensability of the aforesaid complaint, which is generally considered as a necessary *evil* for the *good* of our species. But this argument falls to the ground, when we cast a glance at the grave and rational Turk, and numerous other Oriental nations, who obtain their wives without ever setting eyes upon them, or hearing as much as the sound of their voice, before marriage, and who, consequently, escape the brain-fever so universal in Christian countries. It is true, these Levanters, while exempt from the disorder, are by way of balance subjected to the visitation of the plague: but for the latter there are remedies and quarantines; while our Christian complaint is almost incurable, and the cure but too often worse than the disease.

Mrs. Bauer's long sermon, instead of diminishing the symptoms, like scanty drops of water thrown on a blazing fire, only increased the force of the complaint. I read and read again the cheering note of Amelia's uncle ; the paper, although common octavo foolscap, seemed to breathe heavenly perfume ; kisses by proxy were imprinted on the dear sheet of rag p  ste, for it surely had passed

through Amelia's hands ; and an answer, couched in superbly grateful terms, was forthwith penned, to convey my acceptance " of the honour of the Baron's condescending invitation."

But fleeting are the moments of our contentment, and the transitions the more grating, when lofty and noble conceptions of bliss are interrupted by low and absolutely physical impediments to the full enjoyment of our fancied happiness. The new suit I wore, however reputable, was little, or at least but partially, calculated to introduce me among the *grande*s I was to join at *Monplaisir*. The want of a miserable pair of silk pantaloons put a stop to the enviable exuberance of meditative felicities.—Innumerable ways and means, some ridiculous, others not altogether creditable, were proposed and rejected ; I cursed at one time the refinement in civilization which hid the divine human form in coverings pilfered from the brute creation, and envied the Ethiopian, who can fearlessly present himself as his Creator fashioned him, in the first circles of Wangarra or Timbuctoo.—But the omnipotent divinity of the brain-fever was not to be baffled by a pair of pantaloons : a thought, as if by inspiration, flashed through my mind ; and some objections on the score of strict correctness being arbitrarily silenced, I forthwith proceeded to the execution of the happy expedient.

"A pair of silk pantaloons?" exclaimed my

Hebrew friend, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, with a wondering smile, from behind the oracular fence of his well-worn glossy counter, enriched with sundry spurious numismatic specimens which, in the course of his long dealings, his honesty had condemned to be nailed to the board for everlasting exposure. "A pair of silks? I am rejoiced to see my worthy and excellent young friend finding his way into great society: an evening party, no doubt. Counsellor Rippell's, next Friday, I dare say; he is a great amateur, and his daughters are reckoned vastly clever; rather slow in his payments, between us, Mr. Franck....."

"I never heard of the man's name before: but I'm in a hurry, Mr. Benzheimer; let us come to terms."

"Who, then, may be the worthy gentleman who has honoured my good friend with his notice?"

"No matter who—let's proceed."

"No secret, I presume; not between friends at least. The prophet Ezekiel says, 'Empty thy heart into the lap of thy friend, and thou shalt find comfort.'"

"And King Solomon has it, 'He that searcheth into the hidden thought of his neighbour, doth labour for trouble!'"

"I don't mind trouble, my dear Mr. Franck, when it is for your sake! Perhaps you are going to be presented to His Royal Highness our most

gracious Sovereign ?—No ?—Well, that's comical to be so close !—Not that I am curious ; but I feel an interest in whatever concerns my young Walbach hero ! Look ye, Mr. Franck, I would this instant cut you the stuff at half cost ; you shall have it for nothing—if you will but make a friend of your best friend. There, you want just two ells and three-quarters.”

“ Hold, Sir ! let's agree about the terms, before you wield the scissars. You once or twice expressed a wish that I would attend your daughter in her music. Not being in cash at this time, I am ready to give my services in return for your goods.”

“ 'Tis a bargain, Mr. Franck ! My Esther will be delighted ; she has many a time spoken about it : she has such a wonderful taste for the music, she plays more notes in a minute than you would be able to count, if you looked ever so sharp, for all she has half a dozen or more rings on her fingers : she plays the *piano* that you might hear a fly walk ; and when she does the *fort*, 'tis as if you heard all the bells of the city close to your ears. To be sure I have spared no expense ; I paid the best price, a florin a lesson—a florin, Mr. Franck, besides presents ; and all her music-books are bound in red morocco, with gold titles. At this moment you'll find her a little out of practice, having till lately been without a proper in-

strument. The one she had before, I sold to Baron Dohm, for his niece, who is the first player in our capital."

"For Miss Waldheim?"

"To be sure, Mr. Franck; when she heard my Esther play, nothing would do for her but Esther's grand piano! 'Aaron,' says the Baron, when he sent for me, 'can you get my niece an instrument like yours?'—'Why not, your Excellency? but if your Excellency has a mind, I'll sell you mine, and write for another.'—'I believe,' says the Baron, 'you would sell your soul, Aaron, if there was a bidder for it!'—'And so I would, if it was to serve your Excellency!'—'Aaron,' says the Baron, 'you are a sly rogue.'—Says I, 'May I never be a rogue in a worse cause!'—That's the way, my good Mr. Franck, to treat such great people when they are your friends!—That's the way to keep them your friends. A good fire wants stirring at times, and fresh wood; and if you let it go too low, all the puffing and blowing will not get it up again! So I sent the Baron Esther's instrument that same day, with the maker's account; and when he sent me the amount, I went back with sixteen louis in my pocket!—'What's that for, Aaron?'—'Your Excellency paid ready cash; so did I, and I got twenty per cent. discount, which, for all I may be a Jew and a sly rogue, would trou-

ble my sleep, if I kept them in my house for one night. There might be a small matter of interest coming to me—ten florins and a half, as near as possible: but there is wear and tear of the instrument on the other side; and so we are quits, if your Excellency is satisfied!”—What do you think of my way of doing business, Mr. Franck, hey?”

“Upright, strictly honourable!”

“Honourable, my dear Sir, and profitable into the bargain! I did not lose by it, I promise you. In less than two months, three new squadrons were added to our *chevaux legers*. Having by me fifty or sixty pieces of blue cloth, which the Prussians left on my hands, I lost no time in waiting on my very good friend, Baron Dohm: he recommends me to the President of the War Department, which procures for me the contract for all the clothing. A fresh dip or two changes my blues into the most beautiful green; His Royal Highness the Grand Duke declares his men were never better dressed; and I put in my pocket four thousand and odd guilders clear profit, for all I had to treat every clerk in the War Department with a new suit by way of good-will.—You see, Mr. Franck, what good friends can do.”

“The friendship of such a man as Baron Dohm, and of his lovely, his angelic niece.....”

“Is like the manna in the desert—sweet and nourishing. He is every thing at court, and I am

every thing with the Baron ; and as you are my friend, Mr. Franck, I'll take the very first opportunity to speak a word in your favour. If you would but give up the music—there's nothing to be done for a musician, and you'll never be one, take my word for it—you are cut out for greater things. In less than six months I could get you a situation which would make you a great man in time—in a short time, I say. Bless me, Mr. Franck ! such a face and figure as yours, if you know what you are about, must do the business with the ladies, and that's half the battle in getting forward. I can assure you, you are much noticed here, without your knowing it, and I have been asked a good deal about you."

Mr. Benzheimer continued for some time longer in this oratorical vein of eulogy and prudent advice in worldly matters. Sincere and well-meant as I knew the latter to be, and flattering as the former proved to my stock of youthful vanity, I suffered him to proceed, until an opportunity presented itself for asking when I should commence my course of tuition with Miss Esther.

"Whenever you please, Mr. Franck ; a good thing can never be set about too soon : that's a rule of mine—a golden rule in business.—'What's done to-day, need not be done to-morrow ;' for time is a sad hand at dealing upon tick : nothing like the time present. So that, if it is perfectly

convenient, Esther is up stairs, and I can answer for her readiness to make a beginning this very instant; but we must have a glass of Johannisberger first, to soften and nourish the voice.

42.

THE BIRTHDAY ODE.

WE found Miss Esther and her mother sedulously at work upon a frame of embroidered tapestry. The former, in rising to receive me, appeared more handsome and interesting than usual—all attention and politeness in her way. At any other time, ‘the bump in the nape’ would have been in his element; but it was manifest on the present occasion that the aforesaid protuberance is but a subordinate agent, dependent on the control of a nobler organ—the heart, which just then owned another tenant. I almost regretted, on seeing the beautiful, the anticipating daughter of Israel, that love, the selfish occupant in possession, should so completely have filled every space, as not to leave some standing-room at least for the lovely Oriental brunette. But no! love is *one* and indivisible, like the defunct French republic—not a subject for Joint Stock Companies or share-holders. Unity is its stern fundamental law; on more than one no human being can boast, if boast it were, to have placed his affections simultaneously. Even

Captain Macheath, in the English drama, although not particularly sentimental, could not cleverly fancy Polly and Lucy at the same time. The above remark is any thing but new; yet the fact is not the less strange and difficult of explanation, and, as I take it, shows a defect, an imperfection, in the human organization. We have more than one favourite dish; one man loves painting and music with equal fervour; we may even possess more than one bosom friend: but love (perhaps from the *unity* of its bump, whilst most other organs have two, at least,) is an egotist, a monocrat, a very tyrant in selfishness; and therefore Miss Esther's black and scintillating eyes, the pearly teeth behind their roseate chancing, the jet lustre of her tresses, yea, the significance and smiling archness of her Levantine countenance,—were but *ombres chinoises*, conveying pleasing but transient impressions; a circumstance which, to be candid, I at this moment remember to have regretted as much as the *bon vivant* bewails his inability to add the enjoyment of an unexpected dainty to the numerous good things with which he has improvidently satiated his appetite.

No sooner had Miss Benzheimer touched the few complimentary chords, usually termed Prelude, than her papa made an apology for the hired piano-forte; as his new instrument of rosewood, which he had ordered from Vienna, and in

which the sharps were to be amber, and the naturals of mother of pearl, had not yet made its appearance. In the vocal specimen with which she now made her *debut*, innumerable shakes, and other luxuriations of decoration, bespoke that exuberance of nervous feeling and sensitiveness which forms a characteristic of the children of Israel, who fancy nothing is well that is not better than good: but the *timbre* of Miss Esther's voice, a mezzo soprano not unfrequent in brunettes, possessed that mellow, deep-toned fulness, the very reverse of feminine shrillness, which acts powerfully on the feelings, and exerts irresistible fascination upon our sex. My praise was sincere; and the delighted sire begged I would sing a "duvett" with his daughter. Our performance moved him to tears; even old Mrs. Benzheimer dropped her needle and worsted upon the frame, raised her spectacles to give admission to a coarse and not recent pocket-handkerchief, and exclaimed, "Very fine!"

"Very fine! Salomeh," said Mr. Benzheimer: "superfine! and better than that, my dear. It is as if a nightingale sat on one branch, and a bullfinch upon the other close by. They sing as if they had sung together all the days of their life. They shall sing this duvett at the court concert; and I lay a hundred ducats His Royal Highness the Grand Duke will call out *bravo!* and *encore!*

before they get half through it. I say, Esther, where is the song composed for your last birthday?

“That’s it,” continued Mr. Benzheimer, on seeing his daughter draw from a double wrapper of silver paper a slender volume bound in blue satin. “’Tis a present from her former master, Mr. Katzenberger, the organist of St. Ursula’s, who knows how to throw at hams with sausages, as the saying is; for he had a superfine new beaver in return, which stands me in fourteen florins prime cost—money enough, in conscience, for a few black dots with tails to them. But it is very pretty, I must say; particularly where it says ‘a generous parent’s just delight;’ and that you are, my pretty little Essy, and always will be, I’m sure.”

However powerful the exertions of “my pretty little Essy” in chanting the praises of herself and *tutta la famiglia*, the sounds were lost upon me. “A BIRTHDAY ODE!” said I to myself; “Amelia’s birthday on Tuesday!!”—Charming thought! “The first gifts of the earth were dedicated to the gods by the pious husbandman; to thee, my heavenly Amelia, shall be devoted, in humble offering, the first fruit of thy worshipper’s Muse. Poetry and music! The task is arduous, but love will inspire my pen: thy image, Amelia, will fire my breast; I shall soar above the level of

common efforts, in greeting the day which gave life to the life of my soul !”

Amid these exalted musings, vastly above proof, how was it possible to hear a note of the beavered strains of Mr. Katzenberger, the organist of St. Ursula's? Some ideas, in fact, and some bars too, of the projected Birthday Ode, began already to form themselves involuntarily in embryo ; and I am afraid I left my good friend and my new pupil in rather an abrupt and unceremonious manner, in order to poetize *sans gêne*, and in due solitude, up stairs in my sloping garret at Mr. Bauer's, in spite of its chilling temperature, to which the poetic fire and fervour within rendered my outward man very indifferent and insensible.

Although in this ecstatic trim, and replete with a mass of elevated, nay, sublime thoughts, condensed into a state of high pressure bordering upon explosion, the sluggish pen, to my utter astonishment, gave birth to nothing but abortions. Not an entire line had come forth, when Bärbel's shrill and unpoetic voice called me to supper. Knife and fork moved in vain, in cadenced measure, upon the pewter plate, like the hammers upon the anvil of Pythagoras. Monosyllabic and preposterous were the answers Mr. and Mrs. Bauer received to their ill-timed questions. How tantalizing ! thought I to myself : so much within—a store so rich, so pregnant—and yet nothing

coming forth ! It was only in the still solitude of my pillow, that the mental floodgates seemed to open, to give vent to the chaotic fermenting mass of poetic atoms. Stanza after stanza now kindly and briskly ranged itself, like platoons on a parade ; no mnemonic expedient was neglected to secure their recollection, as there was no light whereby to commit them to paper ; and the *carmen natale* must have approached its completion, when sleep came to put an end, not to the inspiration—for that worked on marvellously in the flimsy realm of unembodied existence—but to the conscious and controllable operations of my reasoning powers. I dreamed——Nay, gentle reader, that dream, delightful as it was, and delightful as it would be to read, thou must dispense with, the publisher not having room for it. I dreamed, and I awoke with the powerful octave-treble of Bärbel again in my ears, announcing breakfast ; when my first thought was to pass in review the effective force of the poetical platoons which not eight hours ago had manœuvred with such skill and precision. Alas ! like the gaudy French battalions marshalled on the morning of the conflict of Rosbach, and scattered before sun-set by the Prussian eagle, aided of course by the exterminating Hussar sabre of my friend and patron the gallant Baron Wolditz, whose *queue*, as the reader is already informed, paid the forfeit of its owner's

temerity—like those hostile bodies, driven to flight, so were my new poetical levies, whilom so fair and compact, dispersed and scattered into air in the space of one short night. Like the broken tumbrils, dismounted cannon, hats, helmets, and havresacks, a “tender flame,” a “harrowed soul,” or a “blissful hour,” might be picked up here and there—wrecks unfit for service, incapable of being embodied again. The poem was lost to the world, and I lost in despair.

43.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

MY downcast looks and broken spirits at breakfast naturally led to a conversation on the subject of my attachment to Miss Waldheim; Mr. Bauer being on the side of the yeas, and his spouse maintaining the negative. In any other connubial establishment, this diversity of opinion might have led to serious verbal conflict; but Mrs. Bauer—I beg the reader will believe it—possessed an inestimable quality, a heavenly gift, the more precious as it is uncommon;—Mrs. Bauer never contradicted her husband, when she saw his mind made up on a question; she left him to his own way of thinking, and merely acted according to hers—thereby avoiding a world of controversies, as

unprofitable *before* any measure, as they are useless and unavailing *after* the thing is done.

Under these circumstances, the conversation, instead of assuming the legitimate form of a duet—my part was a mere *tacet*, as may be supposed—proved to be next to a solo; in which Mr. Bauer executed a number of bravura passages of argumentative eloquence *nem. con.* unrelieved by any *tutti*, until he arrived at a full cadence, when he brilliantly and strikingly wound up his theme in the key in which he had set out, took hat and stick, and went to the rehearsal.

No sooner had Mr. Bauer made his exit, than Mrs. Bauer, who had listened in demure silence to his solo, but whose motto was any thing but *silentium est approbatio*, felt an urgent want of indemnifying herself for her previous taciturnity, by a full and comprehensive review of the hopelessness and the obviously sinister consequences of my “ill-judged” attachment to Amelia;—as if judgment had any thing to do in love affairs! If it had, what would become of the human race, but a converging series with a proper fraction for its ratio.

Mrs. Bauer had already said a great deal on this subject; infinitely more, indeed, than what was sufficient, or can be necessary for the reader’s information. But that was no reason why the good

lady should not say as much more, even if it were the same things over and over again. Ladies seldom think they have said enough; and even when they think so, and have concluded, farther ebullient supplements are put in, by way of overweight, somewhat like the few straggling random shots heard after a simultaneous discharge of musketry, which *ex post facto* pops are not without their effect. The stronger sex endeavours to convince and persuade by pointed and forcible reasoning; while the fairer portion of the creation, although wielding weapons of less powerful quality, seldom fails to attain its object by the quantity and number of its minor missiles, and by a constant repetition of discharges—a fire well kept up, as the military phrase is. A great bullet doth great execution, so it hit the mark, which is a great chance; but that same ounce of lead, fired off in small shot, if it do not deal out absolute destruction, seldom fails of winging or otherwise disabling its object.

This autobiographical sketch not being of the feminine gender, the author feels warranted in suppressing Mrs. Bauer's *da capos*. But amidst the *thèmes variés*, new motives, vastly heterodox, were introduced to enforce conviction.

“You are young, Ferdinand,” said she; “there is abundance of time yet to think of attachments; and when the proper period arrives, a face and

figure like yours—don't be vain—will find no difficulty in commanding a choice. The capital teems with pretty lasses."

"All the world contains but one Amelia!"

"And all the world contains not another elbow-chair precisely like that you now occupy; but there are thousands and thousands in which you may rest your bones quite as comfortably. What is the difference in female charms? The difference between one leaf and the other on the same tree; the difference of dozens of blues in a tailor's pattern-card—one a shade lighter, the other deeper, a little bloom more or less, that's all; a little wear, and the bloom will be gone, and the blues will be the same. Look at that picture over the piano, and look at its original. It is not ten years ago since I sat for it."

"The comparison is singularly unfortunate for the purpose intended."

"We take, we take, Mr. Tempter; perhaps I may have stood tolerably that particular period. But let's add another ten, and another. Nay, to steer clear of your courteousness, allow me to introduce you to—Miss Waldheim, or whatever her name may be forty years hence. Have you the courage to look into the magic mirror of futurity? Behold, then, the fat and portly double-chinned dame, tottering forth breathless upon doric but misgiving pedestals, with alien ringlets ill conceal

ing the gray stubble; alien optics ill aiding the dwindled, sunken, and lifeless eye; a reedy voice, stumbling over dental chasms like the wind howling through the ruinous pinnacles of a mouldering tower. Behold

“No more, Mrs. Bauer, I beseech you!—stay your pencil dipt in gall.”

“Dipt in truth, in Nature’s own colours. Some years more or less make a sad havoc of equality among us; the difference, then, between the toasted beauty and ill-favoured old maid is not worth mentioning, and often even in favour of the latter.”

“Mrs. Bauer, it seems, measures the worth of her sex by the standard of physical attractions; the mind, of course, goes for nothing.”

“The mind, Ferdinand? It shall go for what it will fetch, by all means; but, unfortunately, it follows so closely the example of its more substantial travelling companion, that if the commodity be long on hand we shall make quite as sorry a bargain of it. The spirited, the intellectual, the genial divinity you adore—shall we steal a march upon time, and give her a call forty years hence?—Gone to chapel in a sedan—call again—a lecture upon the frivolity of the present generation of mundane pursuits in general, by way of prelude; after which our good old lady enters into particulars, a *catalogue raisonné*, of the fail-

ings of her friends and acquaintances, bitter complaints of the treatment from her nearest relations, and their wanton wastefulness. A new story, told hundreds of times before, occasionally varies the entertaining converse. Her memory is gone ; and she misnames all recent acquaintances, and blunders in all dates : but she recollects and gives you a particular account of last night's most singular and awful dream—a pointed warning towards regeneration and a new life, as expounded to her by a saintly brother, whom alone, and the skilful physician that humours and quacks her imaginary disorders, she excepts from the universal anathema against her fellow-beings. All impose upon and cheat the good old lady ; nothing but her strict parsimoniousness keeps ruin from her threshold ;—she saves every old cork ; the seal of every letter contributes its mite to a second-hand stick of wax ; the bones of every picked chicken are carefully preserved for next day's broth ; the wine to be given to a friend

“ Enough, enough, my dear Mrs. Bauer, to display your talent for humour and caricature, but too little to sever my heart from Amelia : if we both live to an age of such infirmity, time will have trained us to bear each other's failings. Besides, your argument would go to dissuade from wedlock altogether.”

“ By no means. All I wish to prove is, the

folly of your persisting in a choice which will render you miserable, and that the difference between your adorable Amelia and a hundred others more likely to render you happy is not worth the sacrifice of your future prospects and welfare."

The above fragment of Mrs. Bauer's rhetorical efforts on the present occasion will probably be sufficient for the reader's edification. She meant well, and her exertions "to save me from ruin" were strenuous and unceasing. But love is not to be argued out of love. The flame burnt the fiercer for the blast which was meant for its extinction.

My *carmen natale*, however, with all these discussions, and the consequent distractions of my poetical brain, made little or no advances; and I had nearly given up in despair the idea of all farther poetizing, when, as I stood after dinner at Mrs. Bauer's window, the carriage of Baron Dohm passed by, with Amelia and her uncle in the back seat. She espied me, and with a smiling look of what I construed into angelic kindness waved her hand.

"The ode! the ode!" said I to myself in ecstatic rapture; "the ode, now or never!" The poetic spark seemed in intense ignition—the poem itself might be said to be in embryo existence; it wanted but the obstetric aid of a goose-quill. But there was a something in the house of Mrs. Bauer

which seemed to mar and bewilder all my thoughts. I had read of Homer, or some other Greek poet, inditing his verses on the lonely rocks near the sea-shore. Solitude, I was sure, would equally befriend me on so sacred an occasion. No sooner, therefore, had I completed a musical copy Mr. Bauer had desired to be written out for him, than I sallied forth through the city-gate, through fields and meadows, over paths I never trod before, poetizing all the way into an open pocket-book, as fast as the dear numbers would flow.

The stream of Hippocrene, however, ran but sluggishly and scantily; a goodly line occasionally turned up, but its rhyming companion kept out of sight. *Vivá voce* declamation was summoned in aid, and impressive gesticulation, with the red morocco in one hand and the blunted pencil in the other; all which did fair service.

"All Nature hail'd the blissful hour."

"And two-pence fell the peck of flour,"

cried out lustily in my rear an impertinent forward rogue of a big boy, from among some six or eight of his kidney, who, instead of botanizing, had probably followed my steps for some time, and who, with schoolboy impudence, now set up a general horse-laugh. In the imprudent attempt

to chastise the culprit, I found myself assailed by uncleanly lumps of earth from all sides; and the Lilliputian host were gaining fast upon their un-weaponed victim, when another detachment, fortunately under the control of their superior, joined the scene. Professor Werner, to whom I was not unknown, making all due apology for the rudeness of his disciples, exacted a proper number of bones from the transgressors, and very humanely bore a hand in reducing my garments and skin to their pristine hues. My tablets, too, were happily recovered in a puddle—and these giving Mr. Werner occasion to laud my zeal in sacrificing at the Pierian shrine, he offered his services in restoring the readings of the dripping manuscript. Out of evil comes good. The Professor, who had for years enriched the Dresden Almanacks with the sweetest bits of poetry, sentimental, anacreontic, and epigrammatic, was perfectly *au fait* in the main roads and side-paths of Parnassus. The unruly peurile crew were sternly ordered to continue its botanizations under the superintendence of the tutor, while Mr. Werner and I sat down on a sunny bank to retrieve, rejoin, and retouch the Natal Ode, which he was pleased to pronounce a perfectly genial effort, requiring little or no aid at his hands. The task, therefore, was soon completed; and, as lovers are most discreet people,

Virginia, instead of *Amelia*, was made the divinity of the song, to keep the Professor in decorous darkness.

44.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

RICH in my poetic treasure, I reached Mrs. Bauer's in buoyant spirits. With the exception of Bärbel, the old sibyl, no one was at home to interrupt my farther offerings to the Muses; for the ode was now to be set to music. Being a much better musician than a poet, the composition went its fair train. In fact, there was a superabundance of melodic ideas, all which I would fain have introduced at once. A choice, however, became necessary; and, after sacrificing about half-a-dozen sheets, the ultimate selection, although much under the *beau idéal* of my exalted demands, seemed upon the whole to be not unworthy of its author or its object.

Mrs. Bauer, who arrived when the copy was nearly completed, and saw me intensely riveted to my task, amidst sheets on the table and sheets on the floor, asked some questions; the answer to which was, that I had tried to set to music some lines of Goethe's which had struck my fancy, and, as she sang at sight, I requested she would try

the air while I played the accompaniment: she consented, gave the paper a short perusal, and began.

The taste and expression which Mrs. Bauer threw into every sentence and passage, filled my heart with delight. But what was my astonishment, when at the line "Ye angels smile, Virginia lives," she sang, with an arch significance,

"Ye angels smile, *Amelia* lives!"

"*Amelia*!" I exclaimed.

"*Amelia*, to be sure; and why should the poor thing not live, for all she makes killing work of you? Ah, Master Ferdinand, the bird was too old to be caught in a paper trap, whatever the trap may do elsewhere. So, then, this is to be the master-bait, to hook the philosophic damsel on? well done, Mr. Irresistible! who would have suspected such scheming under a face of such innocent simplicity? Music and Poetry! What heart can withstand such two-edged weapons? and a philosophic heart too! it will be pierced through and through, that's certain. And pray who rode Pegasus for you? who poetized?"

"With some trifling help, I dared to mount myself."

"Ay, got up behind; and cantered, I must say, in fine style. The verses are pretty, and the music is quite charming. But 'tis all labour in

vain, my good Ferdinand. The fish will *not* bite, take my word for it; not so much as a nibble."

At these words the sound of Mr. Bauer's voice was heard at the street-door, humming gaily *Son' contento di buon cuore*, followed by a lusty peal of the house-bell. "He has won at the casino, what do you lay, Ferdinand?" said Mrs. Bauer: "we'll have a little fun; leave me to manage." The good spouse had by this time mounted the stairs in double quick time, amidst a *da capo* of *Son' contento di buon cuore*, accompanied by a jingling of the lawful coins of the Grand Duchy, partaking, as it were, of the joy of their new owner. Instead of an angle of 45° , through which on losing evenings Mr. Bauer contrived to slink into his home, the door of the room opened vigorously beyond quadrant, and a beaming countenance of inward contentment presented itself, and bade us an affable good evening. Mrs. Bauer, as in duty bound, offered congratulations on the anticipated good luck.

"Pretty well for once in a way, my jewel. Three florins thirty or so," said the happy composer of trumps; "and with no great things of cards either. But whist is a matter of calculation, as much as a canon in music, and he that has head to work it must carry the day. Cards in the long run will find their level. The old Forest-Counsellor had six and seven trumps at a time;

and his pelf, for all that, found its way into my pocket. It does one's heart good to win such a miser's money.—You should have seen his woe-begone face, when he had to pay two bumpers running, just for all the world as if he had a black dose to swallow. It shall go towards a pair of bracelets for you, my dear. But how comes it, my darling, we are so late with the cloth? I have brought a good appetite home, I can assure you; something nice, I hope?"

"We quite forgot the time; Ferdinand and I were trying a song he copied for me this afternoon."

"What song, my angel? let's see."

"From a new opera of Winter's—*Paul and Virginia*. Here it is."

"*Paul and Virginia*? That's curious enough; never heard a word of it till now. Why, he brought out his *Fratelli* not three months ago. I hope he is not writing against time."

"It don't seem so from this specimen, which is really very charming, as far as I am a judge."

"And a very excellent judge you are, my angel: you foretold my *Vieni, vieni, oh bel tesoro*, would excite raptures; and it was encored twice the very first time, and is so every night the opera is played. To be sure, that excellent creature, Palotti, sings it divinely."

“ *Con amore*, we know ; she is a favourite of yours, all the world says.”

“ In musical matters, my dear, that’s all. . . . Not amiss this, I dare say ; come, let’s hear it, while Bärbel lays the cloth. She is vastly slow in her motions.”

Mr. Bauer himself now took the piano-forte. His experienced eye seizing at a glance the weft and drift of whole lines, the approved accompaniments he devised gave me a still higher opinion of my labour : every now and then he encouraged Mrs. Bauer’s exertions with a nodding *Brava ! brava !* and at the close of the piece he agreed in his wife’s opinion of its merits. “ ’Tis impossible,” said he, “ to mistake Winter’s style ; there is a certain simple unaffected chasteness in his ideas which makes its way to the heart. But I could lay what you please this piano-forte extract is not of his own making ; he knows better than to double thirds in this way.—That’s the worst with our works ; let us be ever so careful in the score, some clumsy arranger will murder our finest passages, and then the fault is laid at our door.”

Mrs. Bauer. “ In the present case, I can assure you, the author himself has made the arrangement.”

Mr. Bauer. “ Don’t be so positive, my good girl : you have been told so, I dare say ; and you”

Mrs. Bauer. “My information is from the author himself, who at this moment is within our walls.”

Mr. Bauer. “What? what?—Winter in this town, and not give me a call? An old friend, a fellow-student?—Oh, you are joking, my dear!—Where did you see him? where does he live?”

Mrs. Bauer. “The author lives—if a being over head and ears in love can be said to live—he lives at this moment in yon corner, demurely enjoying this innocent stratagem. Allow me to introduce Winter the Second, Mr. Ferdinand Franck, who”

Mr. Bauer. “What, Fer—Ferdinand? No, no! the joke may be a very good one, my dear; but it won’t take. Believe me, I would willingly give a hundred ducats, poor as we are, if Ferdinand could set such an air as this!”

Mrs. Bauer. “Hand over the money, Bauer—out with it! Is it your doing or not, Ferdinand? speak for yourself!” (*I nodded assent.*) “How dull some clever people are: don’t you take yet, Bauer? A birthday effusion, that’s all: for *Virginia*, read *AMELIA*! The first fruits of our amatory Genius, reared in the hotbed of love!”

At these words, the excellent man stood for an instant motionless, looking at me with tears of delight in his eyes; then rushing upon me with enthusiastic fervour, he nearly strangled me in

repeated embraces. He was overcome ; his overflowing heart stifled the words on his lips for some time : at last he exclaimed, " This—this is the happiest day of my existence ! What, Ferdinand, my brave boy ! Thou art my son, my second self ! I thought I had but just sown, and a rich and blessed harvest already rewards my labour !—*My* labour ? —No, Ferdinand ; it is the gift of Providence ! the divine spark lay within you, ere we knew each other ; let mine be the pride to have brought it to light !"

Mrs. Bauer. " Say, rather, to have nursed and fostered it. Miss Waldheim, I fancy, set fire to the combustible."

Mr. Bauer. " So much the better ; she, too, is my pupil. They are made for each other ; and what Heaven hath joined, man shall not sever !—But the chicken is getting cold, my dear ! We can eat and chat too ; ay, and drink the health of Winter the Second, as you justly called him. You, Bärbel, step over to the White Swan, and tell them to send us a bottle of their very best Champaign : it is a day never to be forgotten ; not to be celebrated in table-swipes ! Champaign is the divine juice fit for the occasion. The old Forest-Counsellor's money will just pay the treat."

Mrs. Bauer, (aside.) " Adieu, bracelets !"

Mr. Bauer, although compounded of sensitive materials, possessed a sufficiency of sensual ingre-

dients, not to let the former get the better of the epicurean likings of his earthly nature. On the contrary, any powerful emotion from his finer feelings, when it had subsided a little—and the transition at all times was easy and speedy—always served to stimulate his appetite. On those occasions, as on the present, we made it a point to limit our own cravings, so as to indulge his larger demands. He thus contrived, amidst incessant talk, to dispatch chicken, salad, omelets, and stewed prunes, without much participation on our part, taking care to aid deglutition by repeated libations of common Hock ; all which greatly assisted the fluency of his converse, even before the arrival of the divine juice from the White Swan, the cork of which, scientifically humoured by his experienced dexterity, flew with a cheering report to the ceiling.

“Heavenly music !” cried the elated bard.—
“It is as if a whole orchestra struck *fortissimo* one grand chord with one simultaneous crash ! followed by an effervescence of rapid passages of thousands of demisemiquavers ! How they bubble and bustle, the pearly gems ! Here’s to the new-born darling of the Muses—*Vivat, floreat in sæcula sæculorum*, for ever and ever !

“Viva, il buon vivo !
Vivan’ le femmine !

(saluting Mrs. Bauer, who muttered, sotto voce,
“What for?”)

“The Turks they are simpletons, not to drink wine;
The blockheads had better their Koran resign.

“Nectar! absolute nectar!” exclaimed Mr. Bauer, after emptying the fourth glass: “a truly mental liquor, capable of warming the heart and soul, and rousing genial energies in the mind.—If I could afford it, Champaign should be my breakfast, dinner, and supper: nay, let me tell you, my dear, if his Serene Highness our most gracious Sovereign were to allow two or three dozen for every opera he orders, you should see what Bauer could do!”

Mrs. Bauer. “I should be happy to see it.”

On the present occasion, however, the mental luminary of the inspired bard had already passed the culmination of its orbit. Ideas still crowded upon him, and incessantly employed his voluble tongue; but his discourse was remarkable rather for quantity than quality. He would now absolutely correct my music: but he dipped the pen into the Champaign instead of the ink; and a moment or two afterwards upset the glass right over my unfortunate manuscript, which he had the presence of mind instantly to snatch up and form into a gutter, to convey what could be saved to his parched organ of deglutition.

It was with some difficulty that Mr. Bauer could be persuaded to allow his mortal frame to be consigned to its nightly repose. He now wished to compose, but on rising from his chair to go to the piano-forte, considerable errors in the adjustment of his centre of gravity were obvious ; and he at length cheerfully resigned the disposal of his radical limbs to the care of his affectionate spouse. We conducted him to his dormitory up-stairs ; talking, and singing, and laughing alternately, until the closing of his visual blinds proclaimed a cessation from all mental communion with exterior objects.

45.

LOVE IN CHAINS.

MR. BAUER having on the following day made a few alterations, chiefly as to accompaniment, in my music to the Birthday Ode, it remained for me to give it an elegant graphical exterior suitable to the occasion. My penmanship was of the first order, and I had made considerable progress in drawing. Another of the fine arts I therefore thought might advantageously co-operate in my object. Two whole days were devoted to the accomplishment of the design : for not only were the margins of the three pages curiously embellished with running garlands of roses, forget-me-

nots, and heart's-eases, here and there embowering little medallions of cooing and wooing doves, hearts in pairs, either emitting ethereal flames, or spitted cross-wise by neat little darts, fierce lions mounted by gentle diminutive Cupids, &c. ; but there were moreover two large vignettes, allegorical of the power of music. One, by way of frontispiece, represented Orpheus, a celebrated solo performer of antiquity, giving a benefit concert in a Thracian forest to a numerous audience of all sorts ; for the three kingdoms of Nature, animal, vegetable, and mineral, came to hear the divine songster. You might see the Thracian shepherds and clowns lolling at their ease on the green turf ; behind them stood a world of quadruped and biped connoisseurs, lions, bears, and panthers, ducks, geese, and musical swans ; the trees formed upper boxes for the feathered race, themselves nodding their branches and foliage in token of applause ; and the very stones bending forward, or leaping out of the parent rock, to witness the virtuoso's skill. At the end of the music, and just above the written text, Arion was introduced, bestriding a dolphin ; and another vignette at the bottom represented Amphion, a harp professor and builder, communicating the musico-mania to stones, brick and mortar, in order to form the walls of Thebes. There you might behold huge fragments of rock, every one

inscribed "Amelia," spontaneously raising and ranging themselves into compact layers of Cycloplan structure.

The whole being deemed fair and pleasant to look at, nothing remained but to clothe the MS. in crimson *gros de Naples*, and to print on the outside, in letters of gold,

THE NATAL DAY ;
written, composed, and designed
by

FERDINAND FRANCK,
in commemoration of the auspicious hour
which gave birth
to the Pride of her Sex,
AMELIA WALDHEIM.

The glorious day began to dawn through the blue checkered curtains of my garret-window, and I heard and counted the tardy but lengthened sounds of the deep cathedral clock striking six. It was as if the blows spelt the dear name of *Amelia*. Although no care was wanting in the arrangement of my dress, and the general decoration of my *personnel*, yet it seemed as if the hours of this happy day, wishing to partake of its joy, were reluctant to depart. Mrs. Bauer, too, from well-meant reasons of decorum, delayed my setting out; and it was not till ten that I sallied through narrow by-lanes lessening the distance, with the

bantling of my genius under my arm, towards Baron Dohm's.

As ill luck would have it, before reaching the last turn, I met Mr. Aaron Benzheimer in a sort of demi-gala; and learnt, without so much as a question on my part—great as was my haste—that he had been to offer to Miss Waldheim his congratulations on her birthday; “For,” said he, “‘if the fiddle is to go, you must rosin well the bow,’ as the saying is, Mr. Franck: the Baron, as I have told you, is my great friend; and his niece, I can assure you, is every thing with him—he doats upon her. Opportunities of this kind no prudent man will let slip.”

Whether on this particular day my youthful heart was incapable of any concealment, or whether it was owing to the haste I was in, and the hopes of an earlier release from Mr. Benzheimer, if I answered his questions without evasion, his insatiable curiosity and wonderful dexterity of fathoming other people's affairs triumphed this time. He learnt the purport of my errand; and as most men measure the actions of others by their own ethical standard, so did Mr. Benzheimer forthwith interpret my offering, with the nature of which he was as yet unacquainted, as intended to procure, through Amelia's interference, some good thing from the powerful influence of her

uncle. He commended my prudence, took it for granted I meant to resign my musical studies as soon as some more respectable career presented itself, and, sincere as he was in his friendship towards me, assured me that he would himself put in a good word for me with the Baron, as he had already done this very morning with Miss Waldheim.

“And pray, Mr. Benzheimer, how came you to do so?”

“No offence, I hope, my young friend, to speak well of those one has a regard for. How I came to do so?—When I am with Miss Waldheim, you must know, Mr. Franck, we chat for hours—we talk of a thousand things—she asks me the news.”

“She knows her man.”

“To be sure she does, and I know mine. As she is very fond of music, I always make it a point to introduce the subject: if you talk to people about their hobbies, you are sure to knock at the right door. And so you see, Mr. Franck, talking of music, I asked Miss Waldheim whether she had heard of the young musical genius we had in our residence. — ‘What genius?’ says she. ‘Mr. Franck,’ says I, ‘the young man that is with Mr. Bauer.’”

“And what did Miss Waldheim say?”

“Oh, she said she had heard you play wonderfully

well the other day, when you came to tune the piano-forte.—That's the instrument I sold to the Baron."

"Is that all she said?"

"She asked how I came to know you, and I told her how we first met in the snow-storm; and I told her, my noble friend, how you pommelled the two students at Walbach, because they scoffed at my persuasion—and bless you for it all the days of your life, my young hero!—She made me tell her the whole business; and when I had done she said, 'He must be a generous youth: what courage!'—'Courage, Madam!' says I; 'gentle as he appears when his fingers travel over the keys, Mr. Franck is a lion when he fights in a good cause!'—So you see, my young friend, I have already paved your way at the Baron's, and your present will come quite *à propos*. And pray, may I ask what present you intend to offer?"

"Some verses, set to music, in celebration of Miss Waldheim's birthday."

"Verses! Mr. Franck? Verses! They are pretty, no doubt, and clever, I dare say. But what are verses? Paper kites—pure paper kites; read once in a way, and then laid by and forgotten. I could get dozens of them made to order for the matter of a six-bätzner,* if I did not often buy

* A German coin, worth about eight-pence.

them by the pound for waste paper. Excuse my freedom, Mr. Franck; but if you think of winning the good graces of a lady with a leaf or two of paper, you will find yourself out of your reckoning. Their favour must be won by gifts more substantial. The ladies are shrewd calculators; they measure our good-will and estimation of them by the value of the sacrifice we make to manifest both."

"Selfish and sordid souls are to be met with every where; but Miss Waldheim, the intellectual Miss Waldheim, an enthusiast in literature"

"Would prefer a dress of Brussels lace or a Cashmere shawl to all the poems of Cicero or Julius Cæsar, take my word for it. They are all alike; though some may conceal their weakness, and others not be aware of it. When I first paid my addresses to Mrs. Benzheimer, Mr. Franck, though in the prime of life, and not much amiss in person, as you may suppose from my Esther, who is the image of my younger years, and remarkable for saying the prettiest things in the most genteel way! it was all up-hill work for a long time. All my fine speechifying, all the sweet and tender words, were of no use; though, if they were put in black and white, they might, without disparagement to your verses, read as pretty as they, for aught I know. Well, I thought of try-

ing another tack: maybe, says I to myself, you are too modest, too backward; some ladies have an aversion for bashful young men. I behaved more warmly—I tried a salute, and got a sound box on the ear to cool my ardour. I was quite in despair, as you may suppose; for Mrs. Benzheimer, I knew, had between thirteen and fourteen hundred florins a-year settled upon her by her poor father. ‘What’s the matter, Aaron?’ said my old uncle Levy, one day when he saw me in this melancholy way: and I told him all my grief. ‘Have you made her a present, Aaron?’ was the first question he asked me. ‘A present, uncle!’ says I; ‘how should I make a present without stealing it first? for I am poor and in debt, as you know; not having paid you as yet for the second-hand coat now on my back.’—‘I really feel for you, my good Aaron,’ said my uncle Levy; ‘and I think it a pity you should lose a bargain for want of a little help on my part. I’ll lend you the money, my good fellow: ’tis a great risk, to be sure; but you are my nephew, and if it brings you luck you can well afford a good interest—I shall ask no more than twenty per cent. Nay, I will do more, Aaron; I’ll sell you the present itself. You can’t give her a more charming thing than this superb gold chain. I had it a bargain: it weighs good eight loth twelve grain, and three hundred guilders was the price demanded; but as I knew the

man was pressed for cash, I got it for little more than half its value. It cost me one hundred and eighty guilders, and you shall have it for the same money, making good nine months' regular interest.'—Well, Mr. Franck, I took the chain on these hard terms—for I knew it was not worth a hundred guilders—and went with it to Mrs. Benzheimer, who, as usual, looked as dismal and black as a playhouse when the doors are opened. But no sooner did the word *present* escape my lips, than it was as if all the stage-lamps made their cheering appearance before the curtain; and when I took the chain and hung it round her plump little neck, and ventured another salute, instead of a box on the ear it was value for value, with cent. per cent. interest to boot, I can assure you. To make short of it, the chain settled the business; in a week's time the Rabbi broke the glass goblet over us, and chained us for life. Therefore I say, Mr. Franck, you must not go empty-handed before Miss Waldheim. Take your verses by all means, as you have taken such pains with them; but take her this ring at the same time. 'Tis not of great value; she knows you cannot afford *solitaires*. I will not deal by you as my uncle Levy did by me—Heaven save his poor soul! You shall pay me twenty guilders for it whenever you can spare them. Take it to any jeweller; and if he says it is

not worth that money between brothers, you shall have it for nothing. Can I speak more fairly?"

My patience having long been exhausted with the endless prattle of my Hebrew friend, I thanked him for his well-meant offer, and left him in haste.

"You shall have it for nothing; I will make you a present of it," cried he, hurrying after me, "if you will but give it her:" but my nimble legs soon outstripped his corpulent pursuit.

46.

A JEW WEDDING.

MATTERS of minor consideration ought never to interrupt or retard for an instant a more important pursuit. Owing to my giving ear to Mr. Benzheimer's gossip, I found, on reaching Baron Dohm's, that Amelia was engaged with another visitor, whose departure the servant requested me to await. At last the happy, the anxious moment arrived—I was ushered in—the cheering words, "I'm not at home," which Amelia spoke to the retiring servant, dispelled all previous awkwardness and embarrassment, and I presented my offering with a good grace and becoming ardour.

The gift was received with apparent kindness; great praises were lavished on my labour, and gra-

cious thanks returned for this "valuable token of my attention." What more could I expect? and yet there was, not a coolness, but a studied civility, in Amelia's expressions, which I thought differed widely from her frank and ingenuous conduct on previous occasions. A lover is too sensitive a being not to perceive the slightest variation in the aspect of his idol, as readily as the valetudinarian feels the most trifling change in the temperature of the atmosphere.

"These lines," said Amelia, "would be beautiful, if they were addressed to one that possessed all these perfections. To be sure, poetry deals in fiction, and your poet has made good use of the privilege."

"The poet, Miss Amelia, has but faintly expressed what he felt—what his heart dictated."

"Oh! I understand, Mr. Franck; it is an adaptation—an old song to a new tune. *Mutato nomine*, as my Latin master used to say: of the tune you are the author, of course?"

"And of the *old* song, as Miss Waldheim is pleased to call it, no less."

"What! you a poet, Mr. Franck?"

"If my feeble effort could lay claim to such a name, it would be to the object alone which inspired my pen that I should owe my success."

"And these elegant embellishments—to whose classic pencil am I indebted for them?"

“ Hasty sketches of mine, which, under less pressure of time.....”

“ Impossible, Mr. Franck ; a second Rubens or Salvator Rosa, prepared to ask the idol of his heart whether she fancied a painter, poet, or composer. This garland, above all, is infinitely tasteful. But allow me to ask, what is the meaning of all these pretty little hearts? Let’s see; two, four, six, twelve: just a round dozen, without including those killed, or sufficiently transfixed to be *hors de combat*. They are *trophies*, I presume; classic, indeed, but somewhat polygamic, I must confess.”

“ All fac-similes of each other, repetitions of the same endearing object.”

“ *Credat JUDÆUS !!* The commentary, at all events, is ingenious. But I am really ungenerous in applying these minute criticisms to a work in which such rare gifts have been exerted for my sake. I cannot but feel proud in having given employment to a combination of talents which already form the admiration of our capital.”

“ And which, may I be allowed to add, seem to afford scope for the display of a talent to which I had hoped Miss Waldheim was a stranger.”

“ I am by no means in jest, Mr. Franck ; your praises have sounded betwixt these very walls not an hour ago.”

“ I understand, Miss Waldheim ; that gabbling Jew, Mr. Benzheimer, whom I met coming from hence, has, in his officiousness, stunned

your ears with nonsense. An excellent authority, forsooth ! Praises from such a quarter.....”

“ Now don’t be ungrateful, Mr. Franck. The good man related your deeds of prowess with tears in his eyes. The testimony of an eye-witness, surely, is good evidence ; and, as to your musical abilities, his authority is scarcely of less weight. ‘ The tree,’ (*imitating Mr. Benzheimer’s voice*) ‘ the tree, Madam, is known by its fruit. No more than three lessons, and what a wonderful change ! You should hear him sing a duet with my Essy : it is as if a bullfinch,’—mind, a bullfinch, Mr. Franck—‘ it is as if a bullfinch sat upon one branch, and a nightingale upon the other. That old rogue, Mr. Katzenberger, just picked my pocket with his lessons. Essy hated him, whereas Mr. Franck does every thing to make his instruction agreeable, and makes it a point to stay overtime ; so no wonder she is partial to him : and I shrewdly suspect the liking is mu.....’ ”

“ The fool !—the knave ! I should say. And can Miss Waldheim.....”

“ Fie, Mr. Franck, to revile your best friend—‘ the liking is mutual ; and such is my regard for this excellent young man, that if he could submit to become of our persuasion.....’ ”

“ Enough ! more than enough, Miss Waldheim ! the villain has been hired by Major Dornhoff, to instil poison, to ruin me in your estimation. Like

Judas, his ancestor, he has sold his friend for thirty shekels. But his life shall pay the forfeit of his treachery."

I seized my hat, and was hurrying from Amelia's presence, to inflict summary punishment on the miscreant.

"Hold!" exclaimed Amelia with some agitation, placing herself in my way: "verses, if you please, but no bloodshed in my cause: you shall not stir until your inflammable temper has calmed itself."

"Calmed itself, Amelia? when my ruin is plotted, when all my hopes are blasted!" (*sinking on the sofa*). "Spare your tender mercies; they may be wanted for the author of this villany. The insidious coward had not the heart to meet his rival manfully; but though his ancestors fought in the Crusades, and mine were humble, he shall find, to his cost, that there is blood in my veins, and a Power on high to avenge insulted honour and injured innocence. I am guiltless, Miss Waldheim; but if such base fabrications find welcome entrance, I am an error the poorer I confess, and I owe my disappointment, my wretchedness, to the dissipation of a fond belief in unalloyed, perhaps ideal, perfection. My heart sinks within me; allow me to depart, Miss Waldheim. Farewell for ever, ever farewell!"

"If my wish to detain you, Mr. Franck, until

sober reason resumes its sway, is to be of no avail, be it so. I have no right over your actions, however I might wish that we parted friends, on this day above all."

"Friends ! Miss Waldheim : my last breath will invoke Heaven's blessing on you."

"Notwithstanding that the alloy of my imperfection allows welcome entrance to base fabrications ; notwithstanding that you are going to fight my supposed adorer, and dispatch the innocent Jew for his idle prattle ? Come, Mr. Franck, let's be a little rational and candid. For your assiduities to Miss Benzheimer....."

"My assiduities ! gracious Heavens....."

"Well, for your alleged assiduities to Miss Esther, or to any other of my sex, I can have no right or title to call you to an account ; though I may feel a certain degree of curiosity in the solution of a question otherwise of no moment. As a matter of mere fact, therefore, tell me candidly, Mr. Franck, how stands the case ?"

It may be supposed that the most solemn protestations in the power of language were resorted to, for the purpose of refuting Mr. Benzheimer's silly and unfounded boastings of the impression his daughter had made on my heart, as well as in disclaiming, on my word of honour, any knowledge of an inclination on her part ; and, in proof of my veracity, I intreated Miss Waldheim to send for

the father instantly, to convict him of falsehood in my presence. This request was as instantly declined : indeed, perturbed as was the state of my feelings, I saw with delight, from the brightening countenance of Amelia, that ready and willing credence was given to my assertion. Her spirits resumed their exhilarating playful buoyancy ; she laughed immoderately at Mr. Benzheimer's notion of my apostacy in favour of the Synagogue for the sake of Miss Esther.

“Worth a Jew's eye, no question !” she added : “but let her have it ready-made, and not *inoculate* good Christians, such as Mr. Franck, with Judaism. How stately he would have looked with a beard neat and well trimmed, leading the daughter of Judah to the bridal ceremony. I should have been curious to see a Jew wedding for the first time in my life : surely you would not omit asking an old friend ?”

“None more sure to be at *my* wedding than Miss Waldheim, for”

“No commentary ! the text is quite plain, the joke rather personal.”

“No joke, I hope ?”

“No joke to my uncle, I assure you, if such a thing were to happen. But we are intoning the old song, Mr. Franck. Had we not better try the new one you have made for my sake ?”

“Will Miss Waldheim take the vocal part ?”

“And sing my own praise? Nay, Mr. Franck, that would be carrying the joke too far. You must be so good as to take both the voice and the accompaniment. You alone can do justice to your own labour; and mind, you must substitute some other name: let us see, suppose you say Esther?”

“That will never suit *my* metre!”

The negotiation ended with “*Amanda*” being acquiesced in by both the high contracting parties. I played and sang literally *con amore*: my feelings identified themselves with every word and note; my heart, vibrating in unison with the text and melody, seemed to melt away into accents of tender emotion. I felt the hand of Amelia, who stood behind me, resting, then pressing, on my shoulder: I ventured to raise my head from the paper—my eye caught the mirror opposite; I beheld the reflected image of an angel, endeavouring to repress a tear

“His Excellency,” said a servant, on opening the door, “begs to see Miss Waldheim in the library.”

Another minute, and my happiness, perhaps, might have been decided.—I rose reluctantly to take my leave: the gay, the brilliant features of Amelia had assumed a tone of lovely pensiveness; her countenance, like the lily tinged with the crimson hues of the evening sun, was suffused

with blushes. "Thank you!" were the only sounds that escaped her lips as we parted; but they were accompanied with a fervid pressure of the hand, and a look which it would be vain to attempt to describe.

47.

LORD CHESTERFIELD REVISED.

"WELL done, Master Ferdinand!" exclaimed Mr. Bauer, as I turned the corner of the street on my way home; "what have you been about all this while? Here have I been waiting this hour and more to hear from you the joyful tidings at first hand, instead of partaking of a snack which Mrs. Bauer had prepared for us, and for which it is now too late, unless we choose to spoil our appetite for the good things which will be on table at Monplaisir in less than an hour and a half from this moment; and it is an hour's walk at least. We have not twenty minutes to dress from head to foot. Well! have you settled the business? Good news, I see, my boy, from your very looks. Tell us all about it."

On being concisely informed of the impression which I had reason to flatter myself my gift had made on Amelia, Mr. Bauer's joy knew so little bounds, that he seemed to forget all decorum, and

the "last snack" into the bargain. He forthwith intonated, and any thing but *sotto voce*, "*La ci darem' la mano, la mi dirai di sì.*"

I begged for Heaven's sake

"*Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi! puovero cuore!* You have hit the mark, my boy!" was all I could obtain in answer; so that I was glad to speed the good man's steps in all haste to our home.

Mrs. Bauer's questions were innumerable and minute; but I had no time to quench her curiosity with the circumstantial details she expected. These, however, were liberally supplied and embellished by her merry spouse, whose toilette she superintended, and whose Stentorian diapason I distinctly heard in my garret right above, both our doors being open.—Nay, occasionally he would halloo up to me an appeal for the truth of his assertion. When I came down fully equipped, his complacency, if I had been his own offspring, could not have been more ecstatic! "There, Fanny," said he, with inward pride, "look at this model for a painter, and tell me the woman that can resist the rogue?"—"Not amiss," said Mrs. Bauer, whilst she adjusted the bow of my cravat into forms more seemly; "but mind my words—she may amuse him for a while, but a match is out of the question."—" *Si vedrà, carina, si vedrà,*" replied the spruce husband,

smacking the flavour of a thimble-full of Dantzic cordial, which his faint stomach had solicited, and bidding a cordial adieu to the *Carina* as we descended the stairs.

On passing the house of my Hebrew friend, I could not forbear communicating to Mr. Bauer the indiscreet boastings which the former had dared to utter before Amelia with regard to Miss Esther and myself, and the difficulty I had found to clear myself of her suspicions. Mr. Bauer, in his wrath, was actually on the point of retracing his steps to vent his rage on poor Benzheimer; but a representation on my part, that the scene to be expected, besides spoiling his appetite, would just deprive us of the possibility of arriving in time for the dinner at Monplaisir, acted as a talisman in assuaging his choler. "Out of evil," said he, "comes good, my dear Ferdinand: what greater proof could you desire of Miss Waldheim's affection, than the effect which the Jew's story produced on her feelings? I wish you had mentioned this important fact to my wife, just to cure her of her obstinate incredulity.—Say no more, all is now as it should be; and I am much mistaken, if this very day will not place the matter in a state of absolute certainty, for all the pantomimical ballet which the old Baron has got up to bring Major Dornhoff's forlorn cause to bear. The most clever men have often the most pre-

posterous ideas in their heads ; as if Miss Waldheim was the girl to be told by dumb show what man she is to be tied up with for the rest of her days ; the very thing to make her aversion irrevocably certain. There will be dancing, and you take care to lose no time in asking Miss Waldheim for the second waltz ; the first, for decency's sake, will be with the Major, no doubt : and let me recommend, above all, a certain independence in demeanour ; crouching, and fawning, and wooing, are the last things to succeed with the other sex now-a-days : vastly well in the times of knight-errantry, and even so late as thirty or forty years back ; but the spirit of the age, in this as in all other respects, has made giant strides. Man has felt the dignity of his rank in the creation ; has seen the absurdity, and even the impolicy, of cringing to the weaker sex, to see whether he may be permitted to dispense for life the maintenance and protection which it absolutely requires."

"Love, then, the noblest of human affections, is no longer admitted into the code of fashion?"

"God forbid ! my dear Ferdinand ! Love, by all means : but love united to good sense, and to a consciousness of our dignity. When you shall have an opportunity of observing the *ton* of the day in the best societies, you will see our young men walking the drawing-rooms with a *sang*

froid, an unconcern, that will astonish your obsolete ideas : now and then a condescending phrase to a favourite beauty, which she values as a treasure ; and not unfrequently, as all things will verge to the extreme, a bit of quizzing, or absolute rudeness, is resorted to as the *ne plus ultra* of fashionable male liberalism ; and, much too far as it is carried, the practice is found to answer admirably. The goods that are offered for a song, are seldom much prized."

"The discerning purchaser will not refuse a valuable commodity for its cheapness."

"No ; but when the value can only be known by future experience, a low price is sure to create suspicion.—There" (*we were passing a farm-yard*), "observe that noble and stately animal with his obsequious hens around him ! no wooing, no pining, no submissive unmanly cringing. Conscious of his strength and dignity, but without abusing either, he exerts these superior gifts in the protection of his weaker consorts. There ! he picks the food and disinterestedly lays it at their feet. His rule is gentle, as ours should be, but it is absolute."

I asked poor Mr. Bauer, with a look of significance, whether these golden rules had ever been propounded to his "weaker consort."

"Needs no rules, my dear Ferdinand ! a good time-piece, once put into a proper way of going,

wants no farther regulating. She is the best of women. Fifteen years ago, on first starting, there were perhaps some slight knobs in the way of compact concordance ; but, like flints rolled about for years in the bed of a stream, all angles have disappeared, all goes smooth ; and hurtful collision is utterly out of the question. To say we were made for each other would be unmeaning romantic nonsense : but I will take upon myself to declare, that we have succeeded in making *ourselves* for each other ; and a better fit I defy you to muster in the whole residence."

Mr. Bauer's feet having, in the course of these unceasing perorations, entered into unconscious rivalry with the speed of his vocal organs, in spite of the afternoon rays of a vivid vernal sun, and his watch announcing abundance of time for the completion of the remainder of the journey and our arrival before the anxious dinner-hour, he proposed a few minutes' rest on a bench before a cottage by the road-side, inasmuch as nothing was more destructive to a sound appetite than setting-to with a heated frame ; and a dinner at Monplaisir was worth so trifling a precaution.

"The master," he continued, "was formerly head-cook to the Elector of Mentz, and although he keeps a regular man-cook, on such occasions as this day's festivity he superintends in person the culinary department. His truffle-pasties, my

dear Ferdinand, of which no doubt you will see some perfect specimens, are celebrated all over the country ; so much so, that he has a standing order to send two every Sunday to the Grand-Duke's table. They are a delicious compound of inscrutable flavours and delicacies—a full score of precious harmonizing parts. Exquisite river-crabs of prodigious size will also be part of our bill of fare ; and, as the season is so far advanced, there is every probability we shall find lots of asparagus. And as to wines, I can speak from ocular observation, we may expect all that is most choice in every part of the globe ; for, independently of the landlord's cellar, which is well furnished, I saw, while I was waiting for you, three large hampers put into Baron Dohm's caravan, besides a plate-chest, some dozen of rockets, stars, Catherine wheels, &c. One thing, my dear Ferdinand, let me recommend to you : you are not accustomed to these fiery foreign wines—great caution and moderation therefore is doubly requisite on your part, and on this momentous occasion in particular ; above all, abstain from too great a variety of liquors.”—(Poor Mr. Bauer ! in this case, too, his practice swerved woefully from his preaching.) “As we shall probably not sit far from each other, don't take it amiss, if, in case of need, I make free”

My Mentor's admonitions were interrupted by the merry smacks of whips at a distance : he

mounted the bench, and recognized a calash and four, with an out-rider in Baron Dohm's livery, coming down the hill at full trot. A consultation ensued, whether, as we could not have been perceived, we had not better step into the cottage till the carriage had passed; but Mr. Bauer, ever regardful of his ease and comfort, upon second thoughts, was for proceeding slowly onwards, as there was every probability that the Baron, out of politeness, would offer to take us up; in which case we were sure to reach Monplaisir in an enviable state of coolness and fitness for the truffle-pasties, the river-crabs, and the asparagus.

The outrider passed; the carriage turned the corner. "Stop! stop!" exclaimed Amelia, with smiling eagerness: Mr. Bauer, amidst submissive bows, protestations of great liberty, undeserved honour, &c., and with his hat in hand, seated himself by me very snugly; while the Baron regretted his inadvertence in not having thought of sparing us the walk altogether, however reluctant I am sure he would have been to leave town in the company of plebeians.

We had scarcely entered into conversation, when a furious galloping in the rear arrested our attention.—Major Dornhoff, as ill luck would have it!—Salutations to all, including Mr. Bauer: silence and a disdainful look to me.

"The wretch of a beast!" said the Major, in

answer to Amelia's question, how he could have it in his conscience to use Cæsar so cruelly. "The animal deserves to have his breath rode out of his lungs, for the trick he served me this morning at exercise. 'Tis not the rascal's fault, if I have a whole neck, or a sound bone in me, at this moment. Only conceive, your Excellency! two squadrons, at half-gallop, had to clear the Wehr-Ditch: not a man or horse missed; but Cæsar—"

Amelia. "Would not pass the Rubicon?"

"Passed it with a vengeance; poked his stupid paw into a mole-hill, slipped, came down upon his marrow-bones—no laughing matter, Miss Waldheim—with a whole squadron at my heels, ninety-nine out of a hundred must have been trampled into sausage-meat."

Amelia. "Forbear, I pray, Major; the thoughts of seeing Major Dornhoff transformed into a *cervelat*!—Horrible!!"

"You are very kind, Miss Waldheim: such, however, must infallibly have been the case, but for the advice of my poor father, the Lord-Ranger, who was the best rider in the Grand-Duchy. He often used to say, (not that I go with him altogether,) 'Trust horse and wife, if tired of life.'"

Amelia. "Paternal precepts to be engraven—"

"Saved my life, positively. Short rein, sure

reign ! tight bridle at all times : so you see, Miss Waldheim, down and up again, without so much as a scratch on his knees, was the act of the self-same instant. But, so help me —, if it had not been on duty, I should just have taken a pistol from the holster and blown his stupid brains out, for all I was offered 180 louis d'ors for him not three days ago. Now the thing is known, he will not fetch half the money. But the rascal shall remember having said his prayers, before I get rid of him."

48.

MONT BLANC AND CAPE HORN.

WITH these and other equiniana, and amidst uninterrupted prancings and caperings, and other skilful exhibitions of the Major's *manège*, occasionally enlivened by coarse quizzing, at poor Mr. Bauer's cost, we reached the triple linden avenue leading to Monplaisir.

This beautiful spot, on the verge of an extensive forest, half embosomed between romantic rocks, had been a hunting-seat of the late Count Naufels, whose son, in consequence of some pique against the Grand-Duke, had entered the service of Russia, and, through the military talents he displayed under Suwarrow in the Turkish war, reached the rank of a general.

Thus Monplaisir, with its dairy, gardens, ponds, &c., was leased to a speculative innkeeper in town, and converted into a place of public recreation. Its proximity to the capital, its rural charms, and artificial embellishments, which were kept in tolerable repair, drew thither every Sunday crowds of visitors of the middling classes : and these attractions, together with the culinary celebrity of the host, rendered Monplaisir a place of frequent occasional resort to the higher orders on week-days, when their aristocratic eyes and palates could apprehend little intrusion from "the Rabble ;" especially as the more select delicacies of cellar and table were dispensed at a deterring per-centage for plebeian purses.

We now neared the open wings of a superb iron gate, curiously wrought into ornamental fretwork allusive to the chase, and surmounted by huge stags' horns of the same metal, fancifully disposed and entwined into an arch. Mr. Bauer, for a moment uncovered, endeavoured to stem the milky streamlets, the sources of which a vernal warmth had engendered in his festively farinaceous Mont-Blanc, and the meandering tracks of which, in a sort of *da capo* movement, spread in divers channels before and behind. Thus, and from the like cause, *parva si magnis*, is the candid covering of the dazzling summit of the Alpine Jungfrau-horn (*absit allusio*) dissolved into hun-

dreds of fountains and streams, rushing forth to the Lombard plains, as well as the hilly forests of the holy Germanic Empire.

Mr. Bauer's *cornucopia* of harmony was under this said deterrent operation, when the Major requested him to put on his hat; as a belief existed that few married men could pass under the peculiar decoration of the gate, without their hair rising into sympathetic electric-like approximation with the cervine embellishments above. Mr. Bauer must have felt this as a home-stroke; for, while passing the *furcæ caudinæ*, as fearlessly as the modern mariner clears Cape Horn, he told the Major, that, what with the maxims inherited from his illustrious parent, and other causes too evident to be mentioned, he, Mr. Bauer, felt sure that, if the hornwork in question was formidable to married men only, the Major need not be afraid of passing under it all the days of his life.

The carriage stopped in the well-swept front court, adorned with whitewashed statues of Diana, Acteon, Nimrod, and other worthies of the chase—most of them pitilessly mutilated, and all bescribbled in pencil and red chalk. Although Cæsar, a few minutes before, seemed to be as much out of the Major's books as his Roman namesake was detested by Cato, Brutus, Cassius, and other arch-liberals of old, the peptic precepts to be given to

the groom for the well-being of "the villanous beast" precluded a possibility of simultaneous attention to Miss Waldheim and her uncle. It thus fortunately fell to my share to discharge that delightful duty, and to hand, next, some bandboxes, pinned packages, and other articles of fair flirtables—what a philosophical apparatus, thought I, for the most intellectual of her sex!—to a buxom maid of the house, ready to receive the valuable indispensables.

The wench's yell at this very moment rings through my ears—"Gracious me, Master Franck!"

FRANCK! FRANCK! FRANCK!

FRANCK! resounded a treacherous echo: bandboxes, pinned packages, and all the philosophical apparatus, dropped from the girl's hands and apron; satin shoes, scarfs, ribbands, garlands of mock-botanics, and all the fair flirtables, lay in chaotic quodlibets on the sand, at the very foot of the image of the Goddess of Chastity.

Would that this overwhelming scene could have been graphicked for thee, gentle reader, that thou mightst the more sympathize in my forlorn state, which baffles the reach of letter-press. Sunk in nothingness I stood, while my kind Mentor and the waiters snatched up the fashionable cornucopiæ.

"Ah! Mr. Franck, you have forgotten Mary Dickel, your old favourite. You have become too

fine a.....” Mr. Bauer, by way of *sordino*, clapped his fleshy palm upon her mouth, and, like the hand of the Virtuoso in the funnel of the French horn, smothered farther utterance into mere *pianissimo* fragments.

“Is any thing the matter?” exclaimed Amelia, with participating curiosity, on looking back from the flight of stone steps which she had already reached.

“Nothing particular, Miss Waldheim,” replied the Major, whose hippologue was just finished: “the young man you brought in your carriage has met with an old favourite, it seems, in the maid of the house—that’s all.”

To have been hidden for ever in the bowels of the earth—to have been dissolved into non-existence—would at that moment have been a welcome fate. How I came to be stretched in despair on a seat in an arbour at the very extremity of the garden behind the house, is totally out of my recollection.

“It’s all up!” said Mr. Bauer, in a dry desponding tone, as he entered the arbour out of breath after me: “I have seen the young woman go with her cargo up to Miss Waldheim; I should not wonder if she was sent for. And mine—mine” (*wiping a tear*)—“mine is the fault, for wishing to ride in that accursed carriage, to save



my lazy bones a miserable quarter of an hour's walk."

"Let's home again! not another minute will I tarry in this unhallowed spot. Home! home! for God's sake!"

"What! and give up the dinner? Nonsense, my good Ferdinand: matters are unpromising, to be sure; but there is no need of making things still worse."

"They can't be worse than they are, my dear Mr. Bauer; my evil star is pursuing me on this ominous day. I am the victim of a dire fatality. Scarcely had I succeeded in warding off the suspicion of an attachment to the young Jewess, when this unforeseen and disastrous rencontre with that forward vixen plunges me anew into irretrievable ruin."

"You are a sad dog, to be sure. That bump in the nape, to which your good uncle called my attention in his letter of introduction....Craniology, I begin to believe"

"Bump, Mr. Bauer? I am, believe me, as innocent in the one case as in the other, however overwhelmingly appearances may rise in array against me."

"What! you have not"

Here I explained to my friend, in a few words, the nature of my early acquaintance with Mary

Dickel, appealing to my known veracity, and to all that is most sacred, for the truth of my statement. His joy was unbounded at this information: he nearly stifled me with embraces.

“Enough! enough! my dearest Ferdinand; all is well now, take my word for it. Thou shalt be justified. This instant I will go to Miss Waldheim, to plead your innocent cause in the irresistible language of truth and friendship; and then, if she still persist in cherishing these worthless suspicions—well, then, in God’s name, let her have the Major and all his stud and stables. She deserves no better

“Who deserves no better?” said Amelia, who had, unobserved, turned the corner of the serpentine path edged with yew, and at that moment stood before us.

Mr. Bauer. “Miss Waldheim’s good sense must make allowance for the warmth into which my love for Ferdinand may have betrayed me. Look at him, my dear Miss Waldheim, and ask your own heart whether, innocent as he is of all the suspicions which appearances are heaping against him, he deserves to sink under the weight of misery which overwhelms him. A few moments, and we may be summoned to dinner. The time is too precious, your understanding too discerning, to admit of laboured explanations. As I live, as I wish to die in peace, Ferdinand is guiltless! his

heart, his whole being, allow me to speak out, is consumed in the purest love towards you, Miss Waldheim. Were it otherwise, you would see him less wretched. The young woman, who is the cause of all this, he knows no otherwise than as one of ten or twelve pupils in his uncle's evening-school, where occasional indispositions of the latter rendered it now and then proper, and in fact a matter of duty, for poor Ferdinand to officiate."

Amelia (smiling). "A duty as praiseworthy as it may have proved pleasing and successful! And what may have been the branches of learning in which these country damsels profited by Mr. Franck's light of instruction?"

Mr. Bauer. "What else, Miss Waldheim, but common reading, the Catechism, and a little writing? a few pothooks, just to teach the poor things to sign their names, and may-be make out a washing-bill."

Amelia (jocularly). "The young woman's grateful memory is at variance with this modest syllabus of instruction. She gives Mr. Franck credit for tuition of a very superior kind."

Mr. Bauer. "What else, Ferdinand, did they learn at Feldberg? Oh! to be sure, a little psalm-singing for Sunday-service—a matter of course, and extremely proper; in that Ferdinand was the man for them, I vouch."

Amelia (with a rustic accent). "Your ladyship

must know that Master Franck always was monstrous kind to me, for all I was often kept after hours when I spoiled a copy: to be sure, I spoiled many a one on purpose.' ”

Mr. Bauer. “Idle prattling, Miss Waldheim,—not worth your notice.”

Amelia (continuing). “ ‘And many a kiss I had for doing the second copy well, when’ ”

Mrs. Bauer. “What a bouncer!”

Amelia. “ ‘Your ladyship may believe me or not; but if I had as many six-bätzners as those rewards would count up to, I might buy clothes enough to be as fine a lady as Master Franck has made himself a gentleman—that I might.’ ”

Mr. Bauer. “Oh, the vixen!”

Amelia. “ ‘But Master Franck has got among the great folks, and thinks no longer of Mary Dickel; though, if the truth were known, I be the cause of his good luck.’ ”

Mr. Bauer. “Have you ever heard?”

Amelia. “ ‘Ay, ay; somehow or other his uncle found out we were intimated, and, looking over some big Latin book that he was studying day and night, God forgive him! he found that Master Franck couldn’t help being loving of me, because as how he had a great big bump at the back of his head; and so you see, Ma’am, rather than he should have me, they sent him into the’ ”

wide world, that we might never see each other again : now, warn't that cruel ? ”

Mr. Bauer. “ Oh, the wretch ! She is bribed, Miss Waldheim, to aid in poor Ferdinand’s ruin ; have her up this instant. But no ! I’ll not spoil my appetite for such a worthless jade ! To-morrow morning, if I am alive, I’ll have her taken up for defamation ; and, if there’s justice in the land, you shall see whether I don’t clap her into Bridewell upon bread and water for three months.”

Amelia. “ You’ll want me as a witness, Mr. Bauer ; and I can take my oath as to the words spoken : but how shall we prove their falsehood, to obtain a verdict and condign punishment ?— Will they admit Mr. Franck’s evidence ? Of course *he* is ready to affirm, upon oath, that there is not a word of truth in these slanderous accusations. We may depend upon you, Mr. Franck, in this momentous cause, may we not ? ”

The appeal was too direct to admit of equivocation, if I had been capable of resorting to artifice. With the sincerity due to the occasion and to my character, I candidly acknowledged that Mary’s tale to a certain degree was founded in truth ; although she had, in her vanity, embellished and exaggerated every part of her story. “ But,” said I, “ if her inferences have been too

sanguine, let them remain matter of opinion on her part. You have heard all, Miss Waldheim ! If, in the effervescence of a youthful age, an innocent partiality to a sprightly companion of my younger days be culpable, I stand convicted ; but by the fervid love which pervades my heart—by the paternal friendship of this excellent man—I solemnly protest, the occasional and slight intercourse that has existed between us was pure and guiltless.”

Mr. Bauer. “Pure and guiltless, Miss Waldheim ! Well said, my boy ! Yours is the eloquence of sacred truth. His tongue, Miss Waldheim, is the mirror of his thoughts ; his heart as pure as gold, as transparent as crystal ; not a discord in his whole being ! Behold that noble countenance, Miss Waldheim, and if you can find it in your heart to”

“His Excellency desires me to say,” interrupted a servant, “that some of the company are driving up the avenue, and he would be glad if Miss Waldheim would join him to receive them.”

“I fear we must give up the action and Bridewell, *Mr. Bauer*,” said *Amelia*, with the winning smile peculiar to her. “Have an eye upon this pure and transparent pupil of yours ; with all his innocence, the big Latin book of his worthy uncle, and the great big bump at the back of the nephew’s head, are monitors not to be disregarded.

Cheer him up, Mr. Bauer ; we must have no long faces on my birthday."

49.

THE JEW'S HARP.

The revival of my spirits rendered Mr. Bauer's aid unnecessary ; while his own, with a fluctuation inherent in his susceptible nature, exhibited a state of buoyant exaltation. One thing only weighed sorely on his mind—the unaccountable delay of the dinner-hour, and the deep regret at not having taken "some little matter" to prevent the vacuum in his internal economy—an omission which he feared would operate as a great drawback on the enjoyment of the approaching pleasures of the table ; but his good humour was not to be disturbed on the present occasion. In an accent of chuckling comfort, he exclaimed, "All is now as it should be, my boy ! this little scene, depend upon it, has done no harm. Love is not the better for a smooth unruffled course ; a little dose of cross-purposes, like salt strewed over the fire, imparts excitement and vigour to the flame ! But as the dose has been quite strong enough for once, we must guard against farther mischief. If that said Mary Dickel was again to fall in your way—and the hussy is forward enough to waylay you—then the fat would be in the fire with a vengeance !

If I could prevail upon the landlord to lock her up for three or four hours, it would be a great thing: at all events, he must be told to keep her at a distance; and this very moment I”

A lusty peal from the dinner-bell interrupted the speaker. “*Das klinget so herrlich, das klinget so fein,*” * he exclaimed in a transport of joy, observing that another peal would follow this dulcet note of preparation in a few minutes: and the contemplated wise precaution dwindled to the half-measure of his proposing to form an advanced guard as far as the hall, and, in case he espied the enemy, to announce danger by three distinct coughs.

Our apprehensions were agreeably disappointed; we reached in safety the cool vestibule, where three of Mr. Bauer’s senses received delightful preparatory intimation of the treat awaiting the fourth and most honoured member of the quintumvirate. Not to mention ranges of bottles, like electric batteries, absorbing frigorific in polished pails and tubs; and the richest odours of soups, sauces, sweets, and sours, dearer to him than the most costly perfumes of Provence or Arabia Felix; the rattling mechanism of spits in the neighbouring laboratory; the rhythmical clatter of chop-pers; the swashy batter of ladles; the vibrating clatter of pots and pans, and sundry other culi-

* “*Oh! dolce concerto,*” &c.—*Mozart.*

nary noises, intermixed with the hurried commands of cooks, and the more submissive responses of scullions; this chaotic *charivari* of sounds without number so completely ravished the musical ears of my famished friend, as he was dusting his attire in an adjoining closet, that he scrupled not to liken the performance to the finest concert, the cooks to solo-players, the scullions to *ripieni*, and the noble culinary art altogether to the sublime science of composition.

The antique saloon into which we were ushered was filled with many guests of the higher ranks and of both sexes; there were abundance of epaulettes, some stars and other decorations, ladies in the richest and most fanciful attire; and, amongst these, youthful beauties, of whose charms Amelia's image alone could have rendered me a cool observer. It was a new world for me; yet, novice as I felt myself, I saw the impropriety of keeping Mr. Bauer company in a retired corner, and with a courage and good grace inconceivable to me at this time, I passed forward to pay my respects to Amelia and Baron Dohm. For an instant the latter seemed as if he were a little struck with my boldness; or perhaps he might have had some intimation of the awkward scene in the court-yard: but, in the best spirits as he was, Baron Dohm received me with affability, and even introduced me to several grand personages

in his neighbourhood, as a particular friend of his old acquaintance Baron Wolditz, and as a young gentleman zealously devoted to music, and deeply skilled in the science; and glancing at a paper ingeniously attached to the interior of his gold snuff-box, he took me by the hand, and presented me to Madame von Sternthal and her daughter as the gentleman who would have the honour of their neighbourhood at table. Baron Dohm seemed to enjoy the happy day: he was cheerful and attentive to every one; and expressed his hope that, in this rural retreat, all forms and fetters of etiquette would yield to uncontrolled good humour and conviviality.

Thus I soon began to feel at home and join freely in the conversation, which was the less difficult to me, as, by virtue of the reigning mania of the capital, music seemed to be the ruling topic of discussion.

The *dolce concerto* of Mr. Bauer—the second peal for dinner—resounded; and I conducted my new neighbours, mother and daughter, to their destination. Our seats were, in an oblique direction, opposite to Miss Waldheim, whom I beheld, with inward regret, placed next to my odious rival, Major Dornhoff; and Mr. Bauer I saw snugly located at the lower end of the table, amidst some guests of probably inferior note, but equally willing with himself to make

the best of the good things before them—for the napkins pendent from their button-holes bespoke their good intentions to conduct themselves in a zealous and workmanlike manner on the important occasion.

It was cruel of Baron Dohm to assort my individuality with so conversable, so vivacious, so bewitching a little brunette as Mademoiselle von Sternthal, to whose charms I felt a secret conviction my unhappy phrenological conformation must have rendered me a victim, but for the fortunate chance of prior occupancy. Priority is a powerful non-conductor in affairs of the heart. I felt the efficacy of the preservative; and, feeling secure, I saw no reason for not acting up to Baron Dohm's exhortation, by rendering myself as agreeable, and playing the amiable to my sprightly neighbour as much as I could. Music being again brought under discussion, she asked me whether I knew *Denzi's Notturnos* for the harp; to which I replied, that unfortunately I was unacquainted with that instrument.

"Don't believe Mr. Franck's modesty, my dear Emma," unexpectedly said Miss Waldheim, who had for some time noticed our animated converse. "He is a great connoisseur, I assure you."

"On the harp, Miss Waldheim?"

"To be sure. I know he has played solos on the *Jew's-harp*, and duvetts too."

I thought this stroke of satire rather severe and uncalled for. "True! true!" I said, with equal significancy, "merely by way of experiment; but a lady for whom I entertain the utmost regard seems to be particularly averse to that kind of music, and so I mean to discontinue practising altogether."

"The lady is very much in the right," added the plump little Madame von Sternthal. "They must be ruinous things for a fine set of teeth like yours, Mr. Franck—particularly when they are made of brass, as I have seen them; and a vast disfigurement to the mouth: throw them out of the window, by all means, Mr. Franck. You no doubt perform upon some other instrument more becoming and graceful?"

"A little on several, Madame von Sternthal; but principally the violin and forte-piano."

"Charming! charming! We have a little music every Monday, and shall be happy to see you whenever it is convenient. Emma has some sweet pretty things with a violin to them, which you shall try with her."

"Do come next Monday," said Miss Emma; "we mostly finish with a little dance when mamma is in good-humour."

"Fie, Emma! as if I ever were otherwise. You shall have a dance, by all means; and a fiddler on purpose shall be no object."

"Mr. Franck," said Miss Waldheim, inter-

rupting us again, "I am sure, will be delighted to fiddle for you all night long."

"Play at a dance, Miss Waldheim?" exclaimed in surprise Mr. Bauer from the lower end of the table: "not whilst there are dozens of waltz-scrappers to be hired for a six-bätzner a-piece. Mr. Franck, I am sure, is too deeply impressed with the noble object of the sublimest of all arts to be instrumental in its degradation."

"Bravo! well said!" vociferated one of Mr. Bauer's jovial and waggish companions, who appeared to have taken him into their protection and kind keeping, rivalling each other in administering to his sensual appetites the solid and liquid delicacies which cost them nothing but the trouble of asking for. "The most sublime of the Fine Arts!" was drunk in a bumper in that lower house of *beaux esprits*; their decanters were dispatched every now and then to the side-board, and returned with full cargoes; for the toasts proposed to Mr. Bauer in honour of the most sublime of the Fine Arts followed each other in rapid succession. Many, of course, did not reach my ears; but whenever my attention was caught by the *più forte* challenges of the merry coterie below, some celebrated name was the object of their assiduous libations. *Händel, Sebastian Bach, Gluck, and Haydn*, received ample honours, individually, at the hands of these inspired wor-

shippers ; and when *Mozart* was propounded, Mr. Bauer, with glistening eyes, and accents betraying his emotion, declared that the health of the divine author of *Idomeneo*, whose birth he considered as the choicest gift Heaven ever bestowed upon the German people, ought not in justice to be drunk in any thing but pink Champaign, the true nectar of composers, the favourite beverage of the great genius himself, and, like him, sparkling, full of ætherial vivifying spirit, heavenly sweetness, and nervous vigour. “ Like Homer,” he added with a faltering voice and tears in his eyes, on presenting the slender crystal cone for a *da capo*, “ like Homer, our Mozart seems to belong to a higher cla—class of be—beings ; like the poems of Homer, his works will for ages to come st—stamp with comp—parative mediocrity what otherwise would have been thought great and masterly. We are toiling in vain, gentlemen,” he exclaimed, sobbing ; “ we cannot be Mozarts !” “ But we are Bauers !” said No. 2 of the waggish triumvirate. “ Here’s *Dido* ; and may *Clorinda*, her nascent successor, equal the charms of the beautiful sister !”

Mr. Bauer made an attempt to acknowledge, in a neat speech, the compliment which No. 2 paid to the emanations of his Muse, but *vox faucibus hæsit* ; and happily he was relieved from the painful oratoric effort by the rising of the company, and their proceeding to the drawing-room, whither

I conducted my fair motherly neighbour and her sparkling brunette daughter.

50.

NON EST INVENTUS.

"His Excellency would be glad to see Mr. Franck immediately," whispered one of the servants, in the midst of an animated discussion with Miss Emma and a learned privy councillor on the advantage of restoring the Greek chorus in the German serious drama.

The servant conducted me to an apartment filled with some twelve or fifteen professional instrumentalists and my old friend, Monsieur Dupré, the ballet-master, amidst whom Baron Dohm, in his laced coat, embroidered satin waistcoat, and richly powdered wig, appeared like the resplendent Delian god presiding in the Pierian band. "We are all ready for the ballet, Mr. Franck," said his Excellency: "pray see where Mr. Bauer is, and beg him to come forthwith."

He was not in the drawing-room; in vain I made the round of the house, in vain his name was vociferated through the long and re-echoing corridors. Anxious for his safety, I ran into the garden. Alas, for the vanity of human pride! the author of *Clorinda* and *Dido* lay stretched on a bench in the self-same arbour to which we had

retired before dinner : his condition and its cause were but too obvious. " You are wanted immediately to lead at the piano, every thing is ready : " we roused him with difficulty, but, alas ! instead of leading others, he woefully stood in need of that aid—he was utterly helpless. It was as much as we could do to lead him into the house, and deposit his impotent and misgiving limbs on a bed of rest, where he kept muttering thick-tongued and unconnected rhapsodies about scores, Haydn and Mozart, and the sublime tendency of the divine art.

I had hoped to excuse Mr. Bauer on the ground of sudden indisposition ; but bad news travels on wings. The Baron was informed of my poor friend's condition when I returned, and deeply incensed at seeing his fond hopes thus miserably disappointed. Full of disgust and despair, he threw himself into an arm-chair, exclaiming with bitterness : " I deserve it, I deserve it : this is the consequence of making common fellowship with the vulgar : had I not in my folly asked him to dinner, he would not have bestialized himself.—Gentlemen," (*rising from his chair,*) " the affair is at an end—before it began, indeed !—you are at liberty to depart whenever it suits you. The ballet cannot take place."

" *Est-il possible !* " exclaimed Monsieur Dupré,

in despair, "*Quel malheur !* what misfortune ! *mais, mon Dieu, Monsieur le Baron, n'y-a-t'il point de remède ?* is dere no elp at all ? *Assurément* we can trey de ding wissout Monsieur Bauer."

"And be laughed at here, and laughed at to-morrow by all the capital ! No, Monsieur Dupré, the representation is out of the question."

"*Mais votre Excellence, permettez moi de vous assurer,* allow me to assure your *Excellence* upon honor, all my people are *parfaits*, dey know deir parts, *jusqu'au dernier pas ; j'en réponds.* Vat is dere need for de piano wid all dese gentlemen, *qui sont de la première force ?*"

Baron Dohm's answer consisted in a mere negative shake of the powdered wig. In this state of despair I ventured to suggest the possibility of my supplying, in some degree, Mr. Bauer's place, as I was not altogether unacquainted with the score, besides its including some selections well known to me.

"*Mais bête que je suis de ne pas y avoir pensé !* What *stupide* I most be !" exclaimed Monsieur Dupré in an ecstasy of joy, nearly stifling me with embraces. "*Voilà notre ange tutélaire, c'est notre homme précisément.* He shall do de piano as well, I say bettair as Monsieur Bauer—*Il est rempli de talent, notre charmant Franque ; et pour la danse,*

il s'y connoit, je vous en réponds, he know every step, every *mouvement* ; he understand *le style pantomime* ; he——”

“ Could you really venture to undertake the task, Mr. Franck ?” asked the Baron with a beaming countenance, pressing my hand with cordial content.

“ I think I may safely promise it, if your Excellency will allow me ten minutes for perusing the score once more, during which time these gentlemen might perform some overture or symphony to entertain the company.”

“ Charming ! my dear, my worthy young friend, your kind and spirited offer has laid me under eternal obligations. I shall endeavour to seize an early opportunity of evincing my gratitude. But no time is to be lost at present ; let me see you to-morrow at twelve.”

“ If I might be permitted to ask one favour—— ?”

“ A thousand, my dear Mr. Franck ! Speak, what can I do to serve you ?”

“ To think no more of the accidental error into which Mr. Bauer has fallen—to restore that worthy man to your Excellency’s gracious friendship.”

“ You have effected this already, my dear Mr. Franck, by supplying his place,” said the Baron, with some emotion : “ but this will not be the way in which our accounts are to be settled.

More of that to-morrow.—Now to the saloon, gentlemen, and the symphony; while I go and bring the audience, and Mr. Franck casts his eye over the score and the programme of the action.”

The old gentleman's effort at allegory could not, at all events, be taxed with obscurity.

Charis, the most beautiful shepherdess in Paphos, had hitherto, of all the virgins in the sacred island, alone defied the omnipotent influence of the Patron Goddess. At the opening of the piece, the nymph is discovered by Venus sleeping in a myrtle grove; the goddess, grieved at the resistance offered to her power, summons Cupid, gives her orders and retires. Charis awakes; the insinuating urchin tries in vain his blandishments and arts of persuasion; he next resorts to his quiver, but the shafts either miss or are caught and broken by their intended victim. Cupid now determines on more substantial means of attack: he introduces the handsomest swain of the isle, who declares his passion amidst gifts of roses, turtle-doves, and a milk-white kid, and is heard with apparent complacency, but, after being amused with idle hopes, rejected with derision. The next presentation consists in a young elegantly bearded philosopher and poet, with his volumes, instruments, &c. His verses gain the approbation of Charis; he demonstrates the necessity of the tender passion, and proves it, moreover, by reference to his books; but Charis has a peep at

the books, too ; she points at a page inscribed, AMOUR—ESCLAVAGE, where, unfortunately, the little tyrant is seen dragging in chains half a dozen crouching nymphs ; and the out-argued candidate is compelled to retire in disappointment. But the little god has one more string to his bow ; he returns with a young bard—(rather personal, I thought)—the magic of sweet sounds at one time appears irresistible ; but Charis, recovering from the temporary fascination, seizes his lyre, and mimicking his strains, plays him out of countenance and out of the field.

Cupid, in despair, flies to his mother for advice ; Venus resents severely his want of resources and exertions, and threatens, in case of failure, to deprive him of his weapons. A last effort is resorted to. As the military seldom fail of success with the fair, a young warrior, with sword, shield, and plumed helmet, is led forth to try his chance. Charis is struck with the martial charms of the man-at-arms ; her heart seems to yield, while she blushes at her weakness ; she flies, the hero pursues—hide and seek—a myrtle bush seems to offer concealment, but the man-at-arms quickly reaches the Paphian evergreen, which, at the command of Venus, changes into a temple. The Graces, by winding garlands of roses around, prevent further escape, and the Rev. Mr. Hymen is at hand to do the needful.

Upon running cursorily over the programme, of which the above may serve as a concise sketch, the oddity of my impending functions presented itself forcibly.—“What,” said I to myself, “assist, nay, take the lead, in playing my rival fairly into the temple of Hymen? Charming! most disinterested task of suicidal self-devotion in thee, thou patient and complying Ferdinand Franck! And thy Amelia! how everlastingly will she not deem herself indebted for thy generous assistance: and the Major, the man-at-arms, the man of the shield and plumed helmet, what but a mercenary hireling must he think thee in thus aiding in the accomplishment of his designs!”

In my present temper of mind, however, these considerations, instead of presenting themselves in a serious form, assumed but a ludicrous shape. Danger from the Major is out of the question. The apology which Baron Dohm is to make to the audience will sufficiently explain the state of the case to Amelia; she cannot but smile at the ridiculousness of my situation and the futility of the expedient to pantomime her into wedlock. The Major’s disappointment and my triumph will only be the greater after the failure of this attempt. Besides, whispered Ambition, this unexpected display of my musical abilities, before persons of the first rank in the capital, cannot fail to influence public opinion greatly in my favour;

and, above all, insures me the friendship and good graces of Amelia's uncle. Lose such an opportunity evidently presented by my lucky star?—No, no, my valiant Major; thou shalt have my welcome aid; the hymeneal march shall be played to thee most conscientiously; if thou stumblest, 'tis thy business.

Se vuol ballare, Signor Maggiore,
Il Chitarino le suonero.

51.

SYMPTOMS OF THE BUMP.

WITH this inspiring thought, I entered the saloon, as the symphony was drawing to its terminating climax. At its conclusion, Baron Dohm rose from his seat, and mentioned the sudden and unforeseen call for my assistance. Encouraging plaudits ensued; the party were distributed; I nodded to the leading violin; the rap of his bow, like a magic wand, changed the active hum of the auditors into silent and mystic suspense, until at one crash, a unison C, from all the instruments, announced the commencement of the dramatic overture. Conscious of my power, I led the musical phalanx vigorously on through Mr. Bauer's mazes of melody and harmony; the company, especially the ladies, evinced *capitally* their

innate sense of time and measure. Baron Dohm's beaming visage, like a Chinese mandarin, nodded continuous applause; Amelia's cheering countenance telegraphed her inward pleasure at my success; and no sooner had the performance reached the known formulas of finish, than the delighted auditory, impatient of further delay, set up a stunning *tutti* of clapping, which rendered the active and energetic functions of the orchestra a mere matter of vision. "*Bravo! bravo! Mr. Franck!*" exclaimed the enraptured Baron Dohm, followed by numberless "*Bravos,*" and "*Bravissimos,*" from every part of the reverberating saloon. The *andante pastorale* began; the curtain rose. On pasteboard turf, of slipper-bath shape, sweetly slumbering lay.....

Merciful Heavens! do my eyes deceive me—It is Victorine, the little figurante, my——. My heart for a moment sunk within me, my fingers refused their office. Happily the orchestra proceeded unled; and Venus suffered no interruption in the instructions she had to give to Cupid.—I ventured to cast a side glance towards Miss Waldheim; by her looks I had reason to hope that my embarrassment had escaped her notice. I recovered in some degree my self-possession; but on resuming the score, I beheld at no great distance the fearful words—"Charis awakes gradually." Heavens!

what will be the unsuspecting girl's feelings ! what my forlorn condition at that awful chord ! well might I say

Io perderò la pace,
Quando si sveglierà.

Reflecting, however, that distressing as was my situation, there was no earthly remedy but to let events take their course, and not add to their untowardness by any want of resolution on my part, I played on mechanically, with eyes rivetted on my book, and with trembling hand entered upon the fatal passage of enharmonic modulation, on which perhaps hung the whole of my future happiness.

Poor Victorine ! with infinite grace did she commence her arduous part ; her eyes opened gradually and closed again ; her pretty little arm waved softly towards her forehead ; she rose gently into some fascinating attitudes, preceding, within a few bars, the more active business of her part.—Alas ! at that moment she must have seen me ; I heard a stifled sound, and saw the lovely girl sink unconscious on the pasteboard turf.—

“ *Qu'allez vous faire donc, Ma'mselle ?* ” exclaimed the hectic voice of the enraged Monsieur Dupré from behind the wing close to her. “ *Vite, vite, ne faites pas la sotte, commencez votre pas seul tout de suite.* Begin de pas seul direckly, I say, or I will break a' your bones, *savez-vous.* ”

Finding that, at this encouraging exhortation, the poor girl raised herself mechanically from the painted couch, the thought luckily flashed on my mind, that a kind and friendly look from me might possibly revive her spirits. The expedient had the desired effect—as far as related to Victorine; she smiled—she came in front—the music recommenced—her elegant limbs performed gracefully the saltatorian functions—applause from all quarters inspired her ambition; even Monsieur Dupré, no longer disposed to break bones, every now and then exclaimed from behind “*Bravo, bravo, ma petite mignonne!—Charmant, ma chère!*—She danse divinely to-day, *comme un ange, absolument.*”

My eyes fixed on the score, I heard Major Dornhoff's stentorian praise, addressed to his neighbour, Miss Waldheim. “By G—,” he exclaimed, “how excessively clever she is, and vastly pretty too!” “—Excessively.....” (the important epithet of admiration, or dispraise applied by Miss Waldheim, whatever it may have been, unfortunately escaped my hearing). “Excessively.....” at all events, was all I could distinctly make of it. “Oh! that's part of their business,” said Major Dornhoff in reply; “but with all that, you may depend upon it, Miss Waldheim, not a little of the *manège* must have been required to bring her to this perfection. She will make her fortune if she minds what she is

about ; but these gentry mostly end by floundering headlong into some silly attachment or other."

"No man....."

The rest was again inaudible, perhaps to the Major himself ; for the fair, when not best pleased, besides being laconic in their remarks, cadence them at no great sacrifice of breath ; and it was manifest that Miss Waldheim took a very negative sort of interest in the exhibition.

Little Victorine, on the other hand, every now and then cast a significant, I might say a wanton side-glance towards me, and appeared to grow more and more animated ; she not only threw infinite spirit and humour into her part, but superadded much unauthentic by-play. Thus, in sending the bearded sage about his business, she seized, no doubt intentionally, his venerable chin-furniture, which, not being made to stand such usage, remained fairly in her hand.

"*Ah, coquine !*" vociferated Monsieur Dupré, from the wing, while a stifled mutter of genteel risibility ran through the audience, and a vulgar laugh resounded from an open side-door, at which the waiters, cooks, scullions, and maids of the house, had modestly taken post to enjoy a peep at the show.

On looking that way—Heavens ! there was Mary Dickel in the very front rank ; loudest in

the laugh, whimpering and winking—Ah, good reader ! if thou hadst seen poor Ferdinand Franck at that distressing moment, thou wouldst have pitied his forlorn, his desperate state.

AMELIA !

F. F.

MARY DICKEL !!

!!! VICTORINE !!!

Behold the threefold misery in array against me, all within sight of me and each other ! What rancorous evil star, what unheard-of combination of persecuting fatality could have thus conspired my ruin !

My hands sank paralysed from the key-board ; fortunately, the fiddles plodded on unled, and gave me time to breathe. “ Brave all,” whispered a good genius within me ; “ the harper, your own emblem, is entering the scene ; a failure would be ominous.”—My spirits rallied once more ; I resumed the arduous task, and soon proceeded with increased animation. Victorine, too, played the scene *con amore*, as if it had a hidden meaning ; the harper found more grace and tenderness than

what the programme prescribed; and when she seized his lyre, she preposterously enough kissed it and pressed it to her bosom.

“*Ce n'est pas cela*, you stupide!” exclaimed again the invisible monitor, Monsieur Dupré; “*flanquez la lyre, et faites le promener.*” So the poor lyrist made his exit, nobody could tell why. The performance, however, proceeded in its course satisfactorily. The audience, making due allowance for what they took to be casual imperfections, expressed their approbation repeatedly, save and except Miss Waldheim, who, with the stage in front and the unhallowed side-door on her left, grew more and more indifferent and even pensive; while Major Dornhoff, in proportion as he began, towards the conclusion, to unravel the allegory, took increased interest and delight in the spectacle. No sooner did the young warrior, with sword and shield and plumed helmet, make his appearance, than the Major triumphantly exclaimed: “This one will settle the business,—Miss Waldheim, what do you say?” and when Charis and the man-at-arms had reached the spreading myrtle, and the myrtle changed into a temple, and the officious nymphs encircled the columns with garlands of roses, the Major’s joy knew no bounds. He rose from his seat in his glossy jet cuirassier-boots, and clapped and bravoed with all his physical might, exclaiming triumphantly: “A capital

piece, by G—! never saw a better thing! monstrous clever! Didn't I tell you, Miss Waldheim, he would have her?"

"If it is so," replied Amelia, "you will allow it's through no merit of his; and he has at all events no cause to pride himself on entrapping her in a cage, from which she will escape at the first opportunity."

"That will be *his* fault, I reckon;" observed the enraptured Major with his usual courtesy. "We are not in the habit of taking strong places without leaving a good garrison to take care of them."

52.

MORE BEAUTIES THAN ONE.

THE brutal remarks of Major Dornhoff, while they filled my breast with disgust, excited feelings of intense sympathy for Miss Waldheim. My soul was harrowed on beholding her dejected and forlorn looks. "If she loves thee," said I to myself, "it is for thee to set her mind at ease by instant explanation." I forthwith sought an opportunity of speaking to Amelia, whom I saw in conversation with an old colonel of artillery; but no sooner had I reached the spot and bowed to her, than she drew in her lips, took leave of the colonel, returned a slight stiff nod, as if we had never seen each

other, and passed me in her way to another part of the saloon.

At that moment Baron Dohm came up. "I have been looking for you, Mr. Franck," he said, "to thank you for your very kind and very able assistance. Every body is delighted with your performance, and I have had to answer all sorts of questions about you, from the ladies in particular, ever since the conclusion of the piece. It went off remarkably well, I think, and every body is of the same opinion. I should not be surprised to have to do it again before the Grand-Duke. Count Erlach, the Earl Marshal, has just now hinted at the thing, and I should be glad to introduce you to him."

I thanked the Baron; but begged he would first permit me to step down and see how Mr. Bauer was. On leaving him he kindly pressed my hand, requested I would return as soon as possible, and at all events not forget to be with him the next morning.

I found Mr. Bauer's situation more serious than I had expected. The immediate effects of the wine and good living had subsided, but his pulse indicated a high state of fever; his skin felt like burning fire: he complained of acute internal pains, and wished to return to town immediately. As, under such alarming symptoms, this really appeared the most eligible course, and my mind, be-

sides, was not in a temper to desire a longer stay at Monplaisir, I ordered a chaise, went up to explain to the Baron the necessity of our departure, and to take my leave of Amelia, whom I could not find it in my heart to quit without some explanation of matters past, or at least without the conviction of a restored good understanding. Not finding her in the saloon, and the guests being by this time dispersed in different parts of the house and the pleasure-grounds, I sent, perhaps improperly enough, a message, communicating the cause of my retiring, and my wish to take leave of her. The messenger returned to say that Miss Waldheim was particularly engaged, but wished us a safe return to town.

I felt deeply wounded by this undeserved, and, as I thought, unfeeling coolness; all previous sympathy was crushed by my innate pride thus wantonly humiliated. I involuntarily exclaimed with bitterness: "Thou art then but a woman!"

"And what would you have her be?" cried Mr. Bauer, ludicrously enough, with a hurried feverish articulation.

"Be! let her be what she chooses, and whose she chooses, so she be not mine. The veil is rent—the spell dissolved. Come, Mr. Bauer, the horses are put to; every moment spent in this hateful abode adds to our vexations."

In proceeding by a long corridor through ano-

ther part of the house, we passed the open door of a large apartment, in which the *corps de ballet*, including Monsieur Dupré and the orchestra, were on the point of seating themselves to a repast. One leap of ballerine swiftness brought from her chair the elegant little Victorine. How graceful! how lovely she looked!—how delicately, how amiably she chid me for the fright I had caused her when she first opened her fine black eyes! And those eyes, how eloquent their expression when I left her to proceed to the chaise! divine creature!!

“I have brought you a good warm blanket to wrap your friend in,” said the kind-hearted Mary Dickel, as we ascended the vehicle; “the evenings are cool yet; poor gentleman—he seems very bad.—No, indeed,” said she, when Mr. Bauer attempted pecuniary remuneration, “’tis no more than what every good Christian ought to do, and I am sure I would do a thousand times more for any friend of Mr. Franck’s, for he and I be old friends, and I hope will remain so; and if you’ll tell me where you live, Mr. Franck, I’ll call for the blanket to-morrow as I go to town to market.”

Mary’s regular lineaments and her fresh and healthy complexion looked beautiful as she spoke these words of kindness. There was not the brilliancy, the sparkling vivacity of Victorine in her countenance, but an inexpressible charm of unsophisticated good-nature was spread over her open

rounded features; and this charm was heightened by the rosy bloom of health, unsubdued by the sunburnt tinge of her complexion. Amiable, interesting simplicity! true emblem of unalloyed innocence!!

The situation of Mrs. Bauer, on our return—her numerous questions—her anxiety and alarm, may be easily guessed. Dr. von Müller, on learning the cause of the indisposition, wrote sundry recipes, and expressed a hope of speedy amendment. On the ensuing morning the fever had considerably abated; but there remained a general derangement of the internal economy, which would evidently require medical attendance for some days.

Agreeably to appointment, I waited on Baron Dohm, who, on my inquiring after Miss Waldheim's health, informed me that she had not risen yet, as she found herself rather indisposed, "the effects, no doubt, of a cold which she must have caught by witnessing the fireworks in the garden at Monplaisir in a dress little adapted to the evening air in April."

The Baron, after complimenting me again on my musical performance of yesterday, and expressing his obligations, began a minute inquiry into the extent of the general studies I had pursued. He asked whether I knew French and Latin, and more particularly, whether I was conversant in figures and accounts. Upon receiving affirmative

and satisfactory replies to these and other questions, he begged to know whether it was from my own inclination that I had embraced the musical career. My answer was, that although certain prognostications of my uncle had been the primary cause of my entering professionally upon my musical studies, I had from my youth felt a decided partiality for the art ; and that since I had exclusively devoted myself to it, I had found so many charms in the pursuit, that what had before been mere liking had grown into enthusiasm.

“ If such be the case, Mr. Franck,” observed the Baron, “ all we have to do is, to see how we can farther your views that way ; otherwise, I think I could have suggested something which would have opened more promising prospects to a young man of your attainments. At all events,” he continued, “ there will be no harm in mentioning my idea to you. As this communication will be quite confidential, I must request the strictest secrecy. It has been intimated to me, that, in the course of this summer, our gracious Sovereign will have occasion for my services on a diplomatic mission of some importance ; and it is not improbable that the choice of a secretary will be left to my option : it is a post of trust, and so highly honourable, that numerous applications on behalf of our first families will not be wanting. I can, therefore, give you no stronger proof of my esteem and my wish to serve

you, Mr. Franck, than by assuring you, that if the appointment should rest with me, it shall be yours, provided you could make up your mind to resign your musical career for prospects infinitely more advantageous and respectable."

Baron Dohm's generous and splendid offer quite took me by surprise. This I stated to him candidly; adding also, that, whatever might be my determination, a step of such vital importance would necessarily require the approbation of my uncle, as well as of my patron, Baron Wolditz.

"Unquestionably, Mr. Franck. But the first point to be considered will be, your own inclination; and, in this respect too, I should be the last to wish for a hasty decision. There is ample time to reflect upon the matter; weigh it well by all means, and when you have made up your mind, come and tell me your determination. Suppose we say, the day after to-morrow. If your resolution be affirmative, then will be the time to write to your uncle on the subject; and as to Baron Wolditz, I shall with pleasure charge myself with making the communication to him. All, I dare say, will depend upon your decision; for the offer is such, that I should be surprised to meet with any objection in either of the other quarters."

53.

A CONSULTATION.

THE state of my mind on leaving the Baron may easily be imagined. I was assailed by a chaos of conflicting ideas and considerations ; and my embarrassment was the more distressing, as the injunction of secrecy precluded the possibility of friendly advice in a matter of such deep moment. My situation resembled that of Hercules at the cross-road, with this difference, that, in the choice he had to make, the question of right and wrong admitted of no doubt. But, in my case, I beheld on one side the solicitations of an art to which I had attached myself, and which I cherished with devoted zeal ; while, on the other, I had before me the most tempting prospects of a solid and brilliant good fortune, under the auspices of a patron whose weight with the Sovereign, and powerful influence in the state, were notorious ;—of a patron, the uncle, the father by adoption, of Amelia !

Even Mrs. Bauer observed the perturbed state of my feelings ; but probably the unremitting attention which her husband required prevented her from pressing the subject. Dr. von Müller called the ensuing morning ; and while expressing a highly favourable opinion as to the state of Mr. Bauer, added : “ I wish I could say the same of

another Monplaisir patient I have just seen. The niece of Baron Dohm, Miss Waldheim, from exposing herself to the keen night-air and the notoriously damp and noxious atmosphere of the place, lies at this moment dangerously ill....”

“Miss Waldheim dangerously ill?” I exclaimed in the greatest agitation.

“The commencement of either a bilious or typhus fever; the symptoms as yet are not sufficiently decisive. She talked, I was informed, very incoherently in her sleep all night, and her pulse is full 150. Some benefit may reasonably be expected from a dozen leeches and a blister I have ordered to be applied instantly; but, at best, the disorder is likely to be of some duration. That stagnant marsh at the back of the rock, which was left undrained when old Naufels built the place, sends forth the most mephitic vapours, especially at this season of the year.”

This unexpected intelligence filled me with horror and dismay. In the anguish of my heart, I already beheld poor Amelia a corpse, a victim, perhaps, not of cold or mephitic vapours, but of a concatenation of occurrences at Monplaisir, to which I had given rise. The pique I had felt at her coolness and repulsive neglect gave way in an instant to the keenest sympathy for the poor girl's unmerited sufferings, and to bitter reproaches against myself. My love to her rekindled from

its embers into an intense flame ; willingly would I now have sacrificed my existence for the preservation of her precious life. In the midst of these painful sensations, I received a message from Baron Dohm, to say that he was prevented from receiving me, and that he would let me know when he could see me.

Never before or since have I felt so completely wretched. Hours of racking mental torment succeeded each other at a lingering pace. The uncertainty whether Amelia might not already have breathed her last haunted me at every step ; and I anxiously waited for the evening, at which time Dr. von Müller was expected to visit Mr. Bauer. But even this opportunity of obtaining intelligence was denied me : he sent word that unless Mr. Bauer were worse (he was recovering apace, and complained of being starved,) he could not possibly see him.

In this state of distraction I left the house in the dark, and walking to and fro in the vicinity of Baron Dohm's, kept watch to see whether I might not meet with somebody from the house, of whom I might ask the fearful tidings. But no one issued from the abode of sorrow. My despair was at its height ; indifferent as to the consequences, I determined to enter myself. On approaching the portico, I heard behind me the steps of a person apparently in great haste : it was a

female servant of the house, whom I had seen before.

“ Does she live ? ”

“ She was alive not half an hour ago, when I went for these medicines ; if she’s dead, *you, Sir, — you have to answer for it !* ! ”

A feeling of horror seized my frame at these dread words : they rang in my ears as the verdict of the last judge of our deeds. I sank for a moment senseless against a pillar. The servant had entered the house when I recovered my faculties, and with them a full consciousness of my misery. The door again opened ; the same female came up to me.

“ I was afraid, Sir,” said she in a tone of less harshness, “ I had done you some harm by what I said just now ; so I came to look for you to tell you that Miss Waldheim is asleep, and they say she breathes more freely than she has done hitherto.”

A piece of money, with which I rewarded these tidings, having rendered the girl more communicative, I asked the ground of the dread accusation she had just before uttered against me.

“ May-be, Sir,” she replied, “ I have been too harsh and hasty, from the love I bear to our good young lady. Indeed, I know little enough about the business ; but they say you used her very unkindly in the gardens ; and we all suspect she

must have a liking for you, Sir; for, while talking beside herself as the fever was upon her, she would call out, '*Franck! Franck!*' every now and then: and pray, Sir, what's your Christian name?—Well, then, as I was sitting up with her all night, I heard her more than once call out, '*Stay, stay, Ferdinand! don't leave me, Ferdinand!*' and such like: and at one time she rose in her bed, and sang so sweetly, it made my heart ache; it was something about her birthday. You don't know, Sir, how shocking it is to hear people sing when they are in such a way; and 'tis a bad sign, you may depend upon it: they sing their....."

Here the girl's name was called from within, and she abruptly left me plunged in the deepest distress. An inward monitor whispered that I had a duty to perform: what that duty was—how to proceed—I was at a loss to decide. Whom was I to consult? Mrs. Bauer? Her opinion was too averse to my attachment to render her counsel unbiassed.

The resolves of young men are often bold and extraordinary: the step I determined upon, even now surprises me.

"Is Mr. Bauer worse?" asked Dr. von Müller, as I entered his library. In undeceiving him, I at once, with due apologies for the liberty I was taking, informed him that the purport of my call

was to receive correct intelligencè of the state of Miss Waldheim, and to be permitted to impart to him a confidential communication concerning that lady, the nature of which I considered to be of the highest moment at the present crisis.

“Whatever may be the nature of a communication of this kind, Mr. Franck,” replied Dr. von Müller, “you must entertain very erroneous ideas of the sacred duties of our profession, if you think that I can listen to it. Surely you cannot expect that I should be the intermediate channel of a communication of this description, which, moreover, would be physically out of all question.”

“Far be such a thought from me! All I ask is, that you will permit me to state to you certain circumstances; and to leave it to your discretion—to your humanity, perhaps—to make of them whatever use you may judge proper.”

“Impossible! Mr. Franck! I cannot—I will on no account hear you!”

“Not hear me?” I exclaimed with some warmth: “What! if the statement were calculated to produce a salutary change in the health of the patient—if it were more available than your drugs—do the sacred duties of your profession enjoin you to spurn it?”

“Young man! it is not from you that I am to be taught those duties, or to be insulted within

my own walls: I desire you will withdraw instantly."

"Then, Sir, may the blood of the victim you might perchance have saved rest on your conscience!"

With these emphatic words, unjustifiable even in the agitation of my harassed mind, I left the room: he recalled me before I had descended the stairs.

An explanation ensued: I gladly apologized for the offensive warmth of my conduct: calm was restored; and I was allowed to proceed, with the understanding, that Dr. von Müller would passively hear me, without expressing an opinion on his part. I now entered upon a brief, but sincere and undisguised narrative of every occurrence which could have reference to the attachment I bore to Miss Waldheim, and to the suspicions under which I might have fallen. I dwelt on all that passed at Monplaisir, and concluded by protesting, in the most solemn manner, my innocence—my unalterable love to Amelia—my firm determination to live or die for her sake. "If," said I, in concluding, "an intimation to this effect, made at a proper time, were capable of producing some favourable change, whatever might be the result as to myself, my gratitude to you, Sir, could only terminate with my breath; while the proud thought of having saved the life of a

fellow-being must cheer every moment of your existence."

The doctor, without saying a syllable in reply, rose from his chair, enjoined secrecy as to this interview—the first and last as he desired it to be—and wished me good-night.

The intelligence of Amelia's health, which I contrived to procure during two or three subsequent days, was but of a doubtful nature: it proceeded from the female servant before-mentioned. What should we be without the kind, the endearing sympathies of that sex? They share our sorrows; and, when love is in the question, their aid and interest are seldom wanting. It was in the dark of the night, under the lime-trees surrounding the parade—the spot is indelibly engraven on my memory!—I again met the participating Lucy.

"The doctor," she whispered with hasty utterance, "has seen her this evening and *declared her out of danger!*" The sensation which thrilled through my frame must not be described: I fell round the girl's neck, smothered her with kisses, cleared my pockets of a crown-piece and some change—all I possessed of transferable property; and in ecstasy repeated the salutation. "You deserve to have her, Mr. Franck," she exclaimed emphatically; "I'm sure you'll make an excellent husband."

54.

SAD GOOD NEWS.

EVERY day brought more hopeful tidings, until I received a message to attend Baron Dohm. This summons completed my joy ; for what could be its object but to consummate my happiness !

The Baron received me with fascinating affability ; and assured me, in the strongest terms, of the interest he took, and would never cease to manifest, in my future welfare. “ The plan I had in view,” he continued, “ of attaching you to the diplomatic mission in contemplation, I am sorry to say, has proved impracticable—sorry, more on my account than on yours ; for my endeavours to serve you in some other way have been successful beyond expectation. Indeed, in the happy news which I am about to communicate to you, my dear Sir, I can scarcely claim any other merit than that of having seconded a fortunate developement of circumstances entirely owing to yourself.”

“ Your Excellency’s kindness”

“ Not mine, my dear Mr. Franck, but that of our most gracious Sovereign, whose discernment and innate benevolence are ever on the watch to cherish talent and genius among his subjects. Yours, it seems, have not escaped his observation ; the less so, perhaps, as it regards an art to which

he himself is passionately devoted. Count Erlach, the Earl Marshal, a great connoisseur, and a leading man in our opera affairs, mentioned our little performance at Monplaisir, and with it the abilities you displayed on an unforeseen emergency. His Royal Highness, in condescending to compliment me on the production, made some inquiries concerning you ; and I need not add how happy I felt in that opportunity of doing justice to your talents, and contributing to your future welfare."

The thanks I muttered were forced ; my heart began to misgive with sinister forebodings.

" ' The plant,' said our excellent Monarch, ' is the more valuable, as it is of indigenous growth : it shall be cherished, that the country may take pride in its fruit.' In short, Mr. Franck, it is His Royal Highness's gracious determination that you should enlarge the sphere of your knowledge by a suitable course of study abroad."

" Abroad !"

" Yes, Mr. Franck : you are forthwith to proceed to Vienna, in the first instance ; furnished, of course, with all necessary introductions and facilities to pursue your career to the greatest advantage. And, at the proper time, it is the Sovereign's further gracious intention that you should visit Italy, the land of song and harmony !"

" Can it be possible !"

" Even so, Mr. Franck. An annual stipend of

two hundred ducats, to commence from the 1st of January last, has been assigned to you on the Treasury. To this signal act of our Monarch's munificence you will permit me to make an annual addition of fifty ducats, as a token of private friendship, for the present. On my future protection and my constant endeavours to promote your welfare I desire you will place unlimited dependence. Nothing, therefore, remains but a speedy compliance with His Royal Highness's desire. The commands of princes, you must be aware, are impatient of delay. It is by expedition that you will best evince your gratitude. The stage for Ratisbon sets out on Thursday: as I have had some share in this matter, you will oblige me by availing yourself of that opportunity."

I was so stupefied at the Baron's communication, and, above all, at the haste with which he pressed my departure, that for some moments I felt incapable of uttering a syllable. After a pause, however, I gladly availed myself of the only plea for delay which seemed to be left. I urged the necessity of writing to Feldberg, to obtain the sanction of both my uncle, Mr. Nicholas Franck, and my patron, Baron Wolditz.

"Their approbation," replied Baron Dohm, "though almost a matter of course in such a case, appeared to me equally indispensable; I, therefore, took upon myself to anticipate your wishes. This

packet, which you may read at your leisure, will set your mind at rest on that point."

This unforeseen stroke of the Baron's diplomacy confounded my senses. I stood mute; my eyes fixed on the direction in Mr. Nicholas Franck's tremulous scholastic handwriting.

"Well, then, Mr. Franck," exclaimed the Baron, tapping my shoulder familiarly, "you'll start on Thursday morning. I shall not say adieu! call on Wednesday evening, when the letters of recommendation and your travelling purse shall be in readiness. Meanwhile, this trifle will serve to assist your immediate equipment. Farewell for the present!"

I remained immovable; a heavy load weighed on my mind: it seemed as if I were voluntarily consenting to my banishment—to eternal separation from my beloved Amelia;—a separation contrived perhaps—ah, surely contrived without her knowledge. What! fly, desert her, without seeing her? bend, a willing tool, under the evident machinations of an artful uncle; overawed by his authority, cajoled by his insinuating professions of friendship? Never! said I to myself; this is the moment to assert thy dignity as a man. Now, or never!

Baron Dohm was preparing to withdraw, when, in a tone of respectful decision, I expressed a hope, as Miss Waldheim's convalescence was happily so

far advanced, of being permitted to take my leave of her.

“Under existing circumstances,” said the Baron, in a tone of deep significancy, “this will scarcely be practicable, or even advisable: you really must not think of it.”

“To see Miss Waldheim before my departure,” I replied with measured firmness, “I conceive to be a matter of such paramount duty, that without it—your Excellency must permit me to observe—I cannot think of proceeding on my journey.”

The Baron shrunk back in momentary astonishment; but collecting himself, and recovering the self-possession and presence of mind seldom out of the reach of the man of the world, he said, with evident emotion, “You have touched a string, Mr. Franck, the slightest vibration of which I fondly hoped to have escaped. As it is, farther silence on my part becomes impossible, and an explanation indispensably requisite, and indeed highly desirable on both sides. In this, too, the unreserved sincerity which I mean to use towards you will afford a further proof of my friendship and my thorough confidence in your honour and sense of justice. I am aware of the attachment you entertain for my niece, which, *were it even reciprocal*, could never lead to a union between parties so distant in rank and station, but only involve them in disappointment and ruin. Yet, deeply as I have cause to

regret this inconsiderate attachment on your part, far be it from me to utter a word of reproach. We are not masters of our affections, and I can find a ready excuse if a young man of your discernment yielded to the attractions, both intellectual and moral, with which Providence and the highest possible culture have gifted my excellent niece."

"A superior being, an angel in human form, whose happiness....."

"Whose happiness and mine, you, my dear Mr. Franck, I am sure, would be the last to disturb."

"Seal, rather, at the sacrifice of my life."

"Well, then, my young friend, let a fond parent entreat, let him supplicate you to yield to the dictates of prudence, and to suppress a rash and youthful passion, as hopeless as it must prove ruinous to your future, your brilliant prospects. The sacrifice on your part is great, I allow; but not too great in a noble mind like yours. It is by this act of generous resignation that you will secure the happiness of my niece."

"If this were Miss Waldheim's opinion, the sacrifice, however painful, would be a matter of duty."

"And what reason have you, Mr. Franck, to doubt it? Has she ever given you any assurance, any encouragement?"

"Your Excellency's question is rather pointed.

To answer it in the affirmative would be an act of presumption—a departure from strict candour.”

“ I knew it,” said the Baron, with evident satisfaction. “ This open and manly avowal only raises you the more in my esteem.”

“ That candour, at the same time, obliges me to add, that I have reasons which warrant a hope that my attentions have not been altogether indifferent to Miss Waldheim.”

“ Our imagination, Mr. Franck, acts but too often as the ready interpreter of our fond wishes. Your talents, your sincere and ingenuous disposition, I doubt not, have gained you the esteem of my niece, as they have won mine. The open and unreserved manner in which this esteem may have been manifested might naturally enough have created erroneous impressions, which, I am confident, time and absence will readily dispel.”

“ Never, your Excellency ! nor do I feel justified in resorting to the remedy you allude to, unless I am convinced of being in error. Supposing these impressions were well-founded, what would Miss Waldheim think of my sudden, my, as it were, clandestine departure ? No, indeed—under such circumstances, I cannot, I must not go.”

“ Well, but if she were apprised of the plan, if she were to approve it, would you dismiss all further scruple and proceed at once ?”

“ In that case my conscience, at least, would be

at ease ; and, whatever sacrifice it might cost my feelings, I could have no objection to depart."

" Then, Mr. Franck, you may set out in peace ! my niece is fully informed of every thing ; and, what is more, she participates in the fortunate change of your prospects."

" What ! approves of my departure ? does she really, Sir, approve of my going ?"

" The word of Baron Dohm, I trust, will be a sufficient pledge for the correctness of what I have stated. On my side, I place equal confidence in the fulfilment of the promise you have just made. But before we part, Mr. Franck, I have *one* more and a solemn request to make ; and as its compliance on your part will secure the tranquillity of the few years I may have to live, the peace and honour of my family, and indeed your own happiness, I trust I shall not ask in vain.—May I hope, my generous young friend, that you will renounce that unfortunate attachment—that you will give up all farther thoughts of my niece ?"

" Baron Dohm ! if I were capable of uttering such a promise, I must be guilty of the basest dissimulation, incompatible with the sincere and ingenuous disposition for which your Excellency yourself has been pleased to give me credit. Impossibilities cannot, ought not to be promised."

" What appears to you impossible now, Mr. Franck, may soon cease to be so. All I shall ask

will be, your willingness to act fairly and honourably in furtherance of my anxious wish ; or, rather, not to act in opposition to it, by entering into any correspondence, or resorting to any direct or indirect communication whatever. Your thoughts are your own ; but your actions—”

“ My actions, Baron Dohm, will ever be open and undisguised as my words. Your demand, therefore, such as you have now limited it, I cannot have a moment’s hesitation in acceding to. Nay, I ’ll go farther, by assuring your Excellency, that, deeply rooted and fervid as is my attachment to Miss Waldheim, I never harboured a thought of obtaining her hand without your Excellency’s free and willing consent !”

“ Noble young man ! and can you give me this manly, this soothing assurance for the future ?”

“ For ever ! by all that is sacred and dear to mankind !”

At this declaration the Baron’s feelings were too powerful to be suppressed : he embraced me, protested that this was one of the happiest moments of his life, repeated in a more emphatic and solemn manner the promise of his future friendship, and, by the persuasion he used, obtained my acquiescence in his desire that I should set out on my journey without a previous interview with Amelia.

55.

CON FUOCO.

THE packet from Feldberg contained letters from Baron Wolditz and my uncle, Mr. Nicholas Franck. Both expressed their delight at my good fortune, which they considered, naturally enough, as the consequence of my praiseworthy conduct and zealous diligence. The former added a liberal allowance of pocket-money to the appointed stipend; and insisted, as the road to Ratisbon passed through Feldberg, that I should take my place so as to stop a few days with him and my uncle, and proceed with a subsequent coach to my further destination. The long epistle from the worthy Mr. Nicholas Franck also dwelt with delight on the expected meeting, and was profuse in well-meant and profitable counsel for my future guidance, amply backed by the opinions and sayings of the ancient writers in their original tongue: for he had seen a letter from Mary Dickel to her father, the blacksmith, stating what a fine and gay gentleman I had become; and such a favourite with the fine ladies, that I seemed to be ashamed to take notice of former old friends. On this topic, therefore, my good uncle, who took it for granted that looseness in principle is inseparable from refinement in manners, thought it

incumbent on him to be the more impressive as my "unfortunate" cerebral conformation, as he termed it, like a lightning-conductor without the conducting chain, would be sure to attract the electric and destructive fluid of love in the saturated atmosphere of rank and fashion.

Mr. and Mrs. Bauer were overwhelmed with the unexpected intelligence of my sudden departure: the thoughts of separation at first completely overpowered their feelings. Upon cooler reflection, however, the latter, whose keen discernment clearly perceived causes and effects, felt convinced that the plan of Baron Dohm was prudent, and pregnant with the greatest advantages, if I had the discretion to avail myself of them. Mr. Bauer, as usual, entertained an opinion diametrically the reverse: first, because I had not learnt the hundredth part of what he could have taught me; secondly, because a dissolute capital, like Vienna, must prove a dangerous enemy to the studies of any young man, and especially of one whose susceptibilities had verified the cranio-logical prognostic enounced in the introductory letter brought with him; and lastly, because he felt convinced that, had I stood firm, the union with Miss Waldheim must have taken place, in spite of the quartered pride and the artifices of her uncle, to whose assertion, as to her acquiescence in my departure, Mr. Bauer would yield little credit

unless he found it vouched by herself. Mrs. Bauer, on the contrary, saw in Amelia's silence a direct and convincing proof of her wish to put an end to expectations on my part, which she felt she had inconsiderately and wantonly raised. "The matter is clear enough," said Mrs. Bauer; "she has had a little sport with you, my poor Ferdinand, as with some others before: the game is finished; you are not the loser, as it happens; the laugh is on your side: all you have to do is, to make yourself happy, and think no more of her! 'Tis well you should be off without delay; and, much as it goes against my heart, I engage to get you ready by the appointed time: it is not a parting for life—we shall see each other again."

Under these conflicting opinions, my mind was far from being reconciled to the approaching journey: the promise of abstaining from any communication precluded my even availing myself of the channel through which I had hitherto obtained information of Amelia's state of health. Thus, while the preparations for my departure were actively proceeding, my mind remained in a state of passive fluctuation.

As I had not yet informed my honest Hebrew friend of the unexpected change in my circumstances, and as his avidity of news of any kind, together with his intercourse with the Dohm family, might afford me a chance of receiving some

information on the subject I had most at heart, I called on Mr. Benzheimer the next day. He no sooner saw my face, than he rapturously congratulated me on my good fortune, which, as well as the source whence it sprang, had already reached his ears. He was lavish in his praises of Baron Dohm's excellent character and benevolence ; and felt convinced that his own representations of my merits, both to the Baron and his niece, had had their full influence on the present occasion. I took the opportunity of his mentioning Miss Waldheim, to ask how she was.

"Getting better every day, thank God !" he replied ; "but hardly well enough, I should think, to go into the country."

"When is she to go?"

"Gone, Mr. Franck ! the carriage passed under these windows not half an hour ago : his Excellency bowed to me as they went by. Poor thing ! she looked yet very pale.—What's the matter, my good Sir?"

"Nothing!—nothing particular ! only the intelligence surprised me, as I was to see Baron Dohm the day after to-morrow."

"Oh ! he will be back by that time, I dare say ; particularly, if he appointed you to call. I would take his word for hundreds of thousands, rather than the bonds of most of our high folks—Only gone to Perlstadt, to take Miss Waldheim to a

female relation, where she is to spend two or three weeks to recruit her strength."

Here, then, was another diplomatic stroke of the architect of my good fortune. Gone! without even a hint—Amelia gone! without so much as a kind message of farewell! I began to coincide in opinion with Mrs. Bauer; and, in communicating the intelligence to the latter, added that, as things stood, it was perfectly indifferent to me what I did, and hoped all would be ready in time for my departure.

Baron Dohm returned in the evening of the next day, and, at the appointed interview, put into my hands the letters of introduction, letters of credit, and other papers which he had promised. He mentioned the removal of his niece into the country; and added, "She expressly desires to be kindly remembered to you, and wishes you health and a prosperous journey. By mistake, she had packed up a song of yours, which she charged me to return."

"This, then," said I to myself, on proceeding from Baron Dohm's to my chamber—"this is the end of the fond dream of happiness I have been cherishing in delusion. '*Health, and a prosperous journey!!*' Is this all thou hadst to send to me, Amelia? And, for fear of retaining any thing that might remind you of the owner, a miserable scrap of paper is thrown back upon me with scorn! So saying, I tore the sheet and flung it to the ground.

But the paroxysm of anger was of short duration : I gathered the fragments, kissed them, and pressed them to my heart as sacred relics.—Strange mistake !—this, certainly, never was property of mine ; nor was it from me she could have received it. All I ever gave to Amelia was the Ode on her Birthday : those, alas ! were happier days ! This song ! is it meant as a taunt ? or do the words convey some allusive meaning ? no, the poetry is as neutral as the writing is brown with age—*Ah !* this “*con fuoco*,” at least, is in fresh ink. These two words alone are recently written. Heavens ! they are in Amelia’s hand. *Con fuoco—with fire ! With fire ??* A thought flashed through my mind. I ran in leaps down the staircase, brought embers, held the fragment over them. Gracious powers ! what do I behold !!

“*May Heaven’s blessing attend your steps, dear Ferdinand !*

“*Your’s, and YOUR’S ONLY,*

“*A. W.*”

CONCLUSION.

AT this decisive stage of the career of Ferdinand Franck, reasons, which it is needless to state, have rendered it advisable to close these Memoirs. At the same time, it has been felt due to those readers who may have taken some

interest in the Narrative, to subjoin a brief and rapid summary of the most important subsequent events.

Thus assured of Amelia's love, Ferdinand cheerfully mounted the Ratisbon stage, spent some days at Feldberg, where the improvement in his person and manners, and his mental accomplishments, endeared him more than ever to his patron, Baron Wolditz; and with a heavy heart he resumed his pilgrimage to his ulterior destination. Arrived in Vienna, he forthwith entered on his musical studies, which he had pursued for some time with unabated zeal and activity, when he was agreeably surprised by the unexpected intelligence of the arrival of Baron Dohm on the diplomatic mission before adverted to.

The Baron received Ferdinand's visit with kindness; and the favourable reports of his conduct and assiduity, which the minute inquiries of the minister met with in all quarters, greatly raised our young hero in his estimation. According to Baron Dohm, Amelia's health was restored; but he gave this information with some reserve: and one of his attendants assured Franck, that she had never recovered her former strength and spirits; and that he was sure the state of Amelia's health weighed seriously on his master's mind.

A young nobleman accompanied the Baron as his secretary; but the pleasures of the gay and luxurious capital accorded infinitely more with his inclinations than the writing of dispatches and framing complicated accounts of pecuniary claims. He was seldom at his post; and the Baron once or twice found it necessary to request the assistance of Ferdinand's pen. These calls gradually became more frequent. Ferdinand, as may be supposed, did his best; without, however, neglecting his professional pursuits. The Baron thus had repeated opportunities of discovering talents before unknown to him; and Ferdinand soon became a favourite.

These occupations, however, were suddenly interrupted by a letter from Mr. Nicholas Franck, at Feldberg. A sanguinary battle had been fought with the French army on the Rhine. Baron Fritz, the nephew of Baron Wolditz, in bravely leading his hussars into the thickest of the enemy, had received a mortal wound. The dismal tidings had so affected the old uncle that his life was despaired of: he anxiously desired to see Ferdinand; who was not to lose a moment, if he wished to find his patron alive.

Our hero travelled night and day; and on arriving he was fortunate enough to embrace his benefactor, who, although somewhat better, was still in imminent danger. For a fortnight, Ferdi-

nand did not leave the Baron's chamber: and it was, perhaps, as much to his incessant care, as to the skill of Dr. von Müller, whom Ferdinand had sent for from the capital, that the Baron's amendment could be attributed.

Dr. von Müller, before his return, took an opportunity of imparting to Baron Wolditz, under promise of secrecy, the attachment subsisting between Ferdinand and Amelia, the objections on the part of her uncle, and the precarious state of Amelia's health, which he ascribed to the frustrated hopes of their union. The old Colonel, disappointed in his expectation of a meeting with Baron Dohm at Feldberg, on the return of the latter from Vienna, proceeded to the capital as soon as he heard of the Baron's arrival; and, remarkable as he was at all times for taking the shortest road, opened the subject at once to his old friend; but found him as inexorable as ever, although he had declared to him that Ferdinand would be the sole successor to his property. Baron Dohm's obstinacy having roused the Colonel's temper, he asked the former whether he meant to add the sacrifice of Amelia to that of her father and mother, who had been the victims of the family pride of the Dohms. This awful home question eventually led to the wished-for result. The Baron desired time to ascertain in person the state and inclinations of Amelia; proceeded to the

friends in the country, with whom she had resided since Ferdinand's departure from the capital, and brought her back a willing companion.

Ferdinand, to whom the protracted absence of his benefactor had been a perfect mystery, was walking with Mr. Nicholas Franck, in the long chesnut avenue leading to the seat of Baron Wolditz, when they heard the merry cracking of whips, and a few moments afterwards espied the Baron in his carriage, accompanied by another gentleman and a lady. Mr. Nicholas Franck in vain attempted to follow the speed of his nimble nephew.

"Here she is, my boy!" exclaimed the old Colonel, as Ferdinand, with one leap, flew into the arms of Amelia. "Old Wolditz has laid siege—the Governor has surrendered on capitulation—the fortress is yours!"

Ferdinand's fortune and subsequent career were splendid; and Mr. Aaron Benzheimer had cause to pride himself in having been "one of the prophets" when he declared, "that Mr. Franck would be a very great man, but not in the music."

THE END.

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